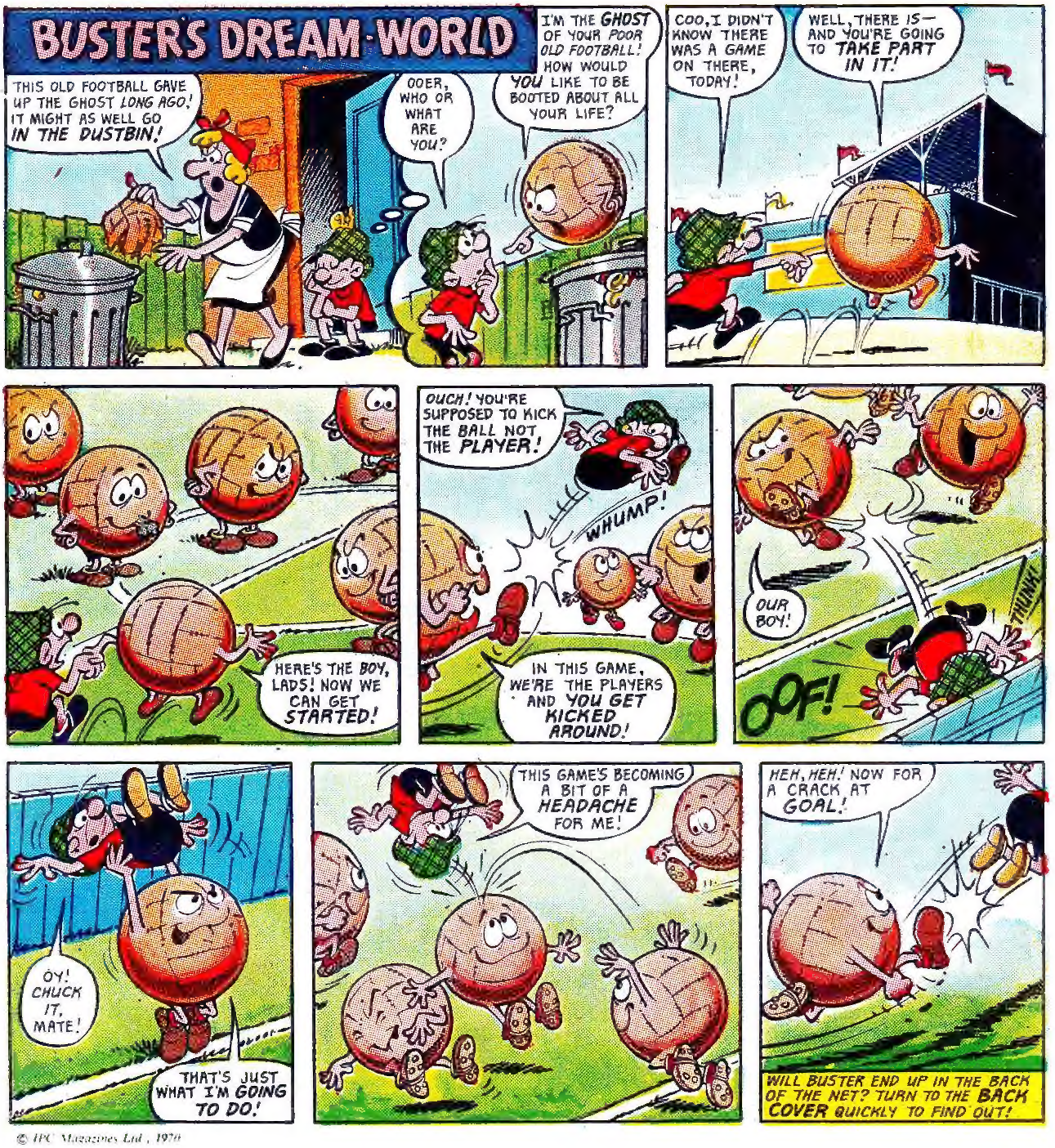
BACKWOODS FUN WITH THE EAGER BEAVERS INSIDE!

BUSTER 7d

EVERY MONDAY

Australia 10 cents; New Zealand 10 cents; S. Africa 10 cents; Rhodesia 1/-; E. Africa 1·00 cents; W. Africa 1/-; Malaysia 40 cents; Malta 9d.; Eire 10d.

4th APRIL, 1970


BUSTER'S DREAM-WORLD
THIS OLD FOOTBALL GAVE UP THE GHOST LONG AGO! IT MIGHT AS WELL GO IN THE DUSTBIN!
OOER, WHO OR WHAT ARE YOU?
I'M THE GHOST OF YOUR POOR OLD FOOTBALL! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE BOOTED ABOUT ALL YOUR LIFE?
COO, I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WAS A GAME ON THERE, TODAY!
WELL, THERE IS— AND YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE PART IN IT!
HERE'S THE BOY, LADS! NOW WE CAN GET STARTED!
OUCH! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO KICK THE BALL NOT THE PLAYER!
WHUMP!
IN THIS GAME, WE'RE THE PLAYERS AND YOU GET KICKED AROUND!
OUR BOY!
THUNK!
OOF!
OY! CHUCK IT, MATE!
THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M GOING TO DO!
THIS GAME'S BECOMING A BIT OF A HEADACHE FOR ME!
HEH, HEH! NOW FOR A CRACK AT GOAL!
WILL BUSTER END UP IN THE BACK OF THE NET? TURN TO THE BACK COVER QUICKLY TO FIND OUT!

© IPC Magazines Ltd., 1970

SAM AND CYRIL PIPER RACED ALONG THE STREET, CHASED BY THE TWISTER AND . . . THE POLICE!

Young Sam Piper was pursuing the ice-cream van of a strange crook known as The Twister, who was hypnotising children and forcing them to commit crimes. He had kidnapped Sam's normally well-behaved brother, Cyril, and made him lead a gang of children on a raid on their own school. Sam managed to remove the weird helmet which held Cyril under The Twister's power But the crook chased them . . .

THRING! THRANG! THRONG! THRING!
THERE THEY ARE! BY THUNDER, CYRIL PIPER'S INTERFERING BROTHER IS GOING TO PAY FOR THIS!
THE TWISTER'S SPOTTED US! RUN FOR IT, CYRIL!
B-BUT WHERE TO, SAM?

BUT AS THE BROTHERS TOOK TO THEIR HEELS, AND THE TWISTER'S ICE-CREAM VAN ROLLED ON PAST THE SCHOOL...
HELP... CONSTABLE! GASP! OH, THE L-LITTLE HOOLIGANS..!
STEADY, SIR! WHAT'S THE TROUBLE? WHAT'S GOIN' ON?

IT WAS THE SCHOOL TEACHER WHO HAD BEEN DUMPED INTO A DUSTBIN DURING THE ATTACK ON THE SCHOOL!
THOSE TWO BOYS.' THEY WERE WITH THE MOB OF YOUNG LOUTS WHO RAIDED THE SCHOOL, AND.. AND MOLESTED MY COLLEAGUES!
WRECKIN SCHOOLS NOW, EH? RIGHT! LEAVE THE LITTLE PERISHERS TO ME...

AND SO...
HE..HE'S STILL COMING AFTER US, SAM!
THEY SHALL NOT ESCAPE... NO MATTER HOW FAR, OR HOW FAST THEY RUN!
I'VE 'EARD OF VANDALISM IN FOOTBALL STADIUMS, BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

MEANWHILE, THE TWISTER WAS CONSIDERING HIS NEXT COURSE OF ACTION!
I DARE NOT DRAW ATTENTION TO MY TWIRLY-TOP VAN! IT WILL BECOME ASSOCIATED WITH THE WAVE OF CRIME THAT I PLAN TO INSTIGATE!
SO WHAT ARE YER GOING TO DO, MR TWISTER?

THE VILLAIN REACHED FOR A SPECIAL SWITCH ON HIS DASHBOARD...
I AM GOING TO BRING THEM BOTH UNDER MY POWER... BY MEANS OF THE HYPNO-CORNET!
CLICK!
NEXT INSTANT...
CYRIL, THE VAN'S MUSICAL CHIMES HAVE SHUT OFF! THEY ..THEY'VE CHANGED INTO A HORRIBLE, THROBBING SOUND...!
WHOOM!
WHOOM!
WHOOMA! WHOOMA!
UUHHHHH?
VRuu-uuuum!
DON'T LISTEN TO IT, CYRIL... DON'T LISTEN!
BUT ALREADY, THE STRANGE, COMPELLING BEAT OF THE HYPNO-CORNET WAS PENETRATING DEEP INTO CYRIL PIPER'S BRAIN...
VRREEEEEE!
YES! REMEMBER... NOW! THE...SCHOOL! SMASHED UP THOSE... MASTERS! HAAAAA!
AS THE ICE-CREAM VAN SWEPT PAST...
GOT TO GO... BACK! BACK TO THE...TWISTER!
GOOD GRIEF! CYRIL, YOU...YOUR FACE! NO! I WON'T...LET YOU!
BUT NOW AN UNCANNY, SAVAGE STRENGTH HAD ENTERED CYRIL PIPER'S BONY FRAME, AND...
I...DO WHAT I LIKE! NO ONE'S GOING TO STOP ME..!
AAAAOWWW!
KRAAAAK!
ZOK!
AS SAM PIPER SMASHED BACK AGAINST THE METAL RAILING, AND COLLAPSED TO THE PAVEMENT...
YA, HAAAA! HE'S FLAT OUT, MR. TWISTER! HERE COMES CYRIL!
GOOD... EXCELLENT!
WHOOM! WHOOM! WHOOM!
BUT WE WILL DRAW AROUND THIS CORNER, OUT OF SIGHT, BEFORE PICKING HIM UP! THEN NO-ONE WILL SUSPECT THAT MY TWIRLY-TOP VAN IS INVOLVED! HA, HA, HEEEE!
SAM PIPER RECOVERED HIS SENSES... JUST AS A LARGE, UNIFORMED FIGURE CAME THUDDING INTO VIEW!
UUUHHH! WHAT... HAPPENED? CYRIL..!
GOT YER AT LAST, YOU YOUNG RIP! BY GUM, YOU'RE GOING TO COP IT FOR SCRAGGIN' THEM SCHOOL TEACHERS!

WILL SAM BE PREVENTED FROM RESCUING HIS BROTHER? SEE NEXT MONDAY'S GRIPPING INSTALMENT!

THIS TALE OF A GHOSTLY MAGICIAN IS SURE TO ENCHANT YOU, PALS!

RENT-A-GHOST Ltd.

CHEMISTRY ROOM.
I RESIGN! I'M NOT TEACHING THAT LOT ANY LONGER — IT'S TOO DANGEROUS!
HEADMASTER
POP
STINK BOMB
THAT'S THE FIFTH CHEMISTRY MASTER WHO'S QUITTED IN A WEEK! I MUST DO SOMETHING— AH! I KNOW!
I WANT TO HIRE A GHOST WHO KNOWS ALL ABOUT CHEMISTRY, TO GIVE MY PUPILS A FRIGHT AND MAKE THEM BEHAVE!
I'VE GOT JUST THE CHAP FOR YOU, SIR! MERLIN THE MAGICIAN! I'LL SEND HIM ALONG!
RENT-A-GHOST Ltd
AND, BACK IN SCHOOL . . .
WE'VE GOT RID OF ANOTHER CHEMISTRY MASTER! NOW LET'S GET RID OF THE SCHOOL!
GUNPOWDER
TROUBLESOME YOUTHS! BEHAVE!
YAH! OLD NANNYGOAT BEARD!
GET YOUR HAIR CUT, WHISKERS!
CANES! COME TO LIFE!
CANE BOX
— AND GIVE THE LITTLE RASCALS A WHACKING!
WHACK
WHACK
CANE BOX
OOER!
COR! WE'D BETTER BEHAVE!
OOH! OW!
BACK TO YOUR BOX, CANES!
GUNPOWDER
CANE BOX
YOU'VE DONE IT! YOU'VE SUBDUED THEM! HOW CAN I THANK YOU, MR. MERLIN?
IT WAS NOTHING!
FIZZ
GUNPOWDER
COR! LOOK AT THAT FUSE! BEAT IT, BOYS!
BOOM
TROUBLE'S ARRIVED! VANISH GHOSTS!
POOF
RENT-A-GHOST Ltd
POOF

NEXT WEEK'S STORY ABOUT A SPOOK ARTIST LOOKS LIKE BEING A MASTERPIECE OF MERRIMENT!

SIX MORE LUCKY PRIZE-WINNERS—IS YOUR NAME AMONG THEM?

BUSTER Giggles

POCKET-MONEY PRIZES

TO BE WON EVERY WEEK!

£1

FOR THE SENDER OF EACH JOKE PUBLISHED

HOW TO ENTER:

Send your jokes on a postcard to:

"BUSTER Giggles", FLEETWAY HOUSE, FARRINGDON ST., LONDON, E.C.4.

(When similar jokes are received, the first one to be judged will be awarded the prize.)

MY THREE FAVOURITE FEATURES ARE:

1.....

2.....

3.....

PLEASE FILL IN THE COUPON ABOVE AND PASTE IT TO YOUR POSTCARD.

From C. MIDDLETON, SCUNTHORPE.

From P. CRAGGS, HYTHE.

From M. GOOLD, FIRBECK.

From A. OLDFIELD, HELENSBURGH.

From S. CHARTERS, LONDON.

From S. KEMP, CHESTERFIELD.

THE FUTURE LOOKED BRIGHT FOR POORFORD, BUT NATHAN WAS TAKING NO CHANCES!

THE WIZARD OF FOOTBALL

Cyril Clarkson was a terrible footballer until he met Nathan Flintlock, a strange ex-actor who had a gift for coaching players. Cyril and Nathan together raised Poorford Town from a lowly position in the Third Division until the team needed only to win their final two games to be sure of promotion. In their second-to-last game—a minute from the end . . .

GOAAALLL!

IT'S THERE . . . IT'S IN THE NET! POORFORD HAVE SCORED!

NEXT MOMENT . . .

BY HEAVENS! IT'S FULL TIME—THEY'VE WON WITH THE LAST KICK OF THE GAME! I'VE LIVED A TOUGH LIFE . . . BUT I CAN'T STAND MUCH MORE OF THIS!

PREEE P!

WHEW! IT'S OVER!

WE'VE WON!

IN THE DRESSING ROOM . . .

ONLY ONE GAME TO WIN, MR. FLINTLOCK . . . AND WE GO UP INTO THE SECOND DIVISION!

IT'S AGAINST WORKERSLY ATHLETIC . . . AND THEY'RE BOTTOM OF THE LEAGUE!

IF WE CAN'T BEAT WORKERSLY . . . THEN WE DON'T DESERVE PROMOTION! BELIEVE ME, MY STALWARTS . . . THAT GAME IS IN THE BAG FOR US!

AS CYRIL WALKED HOME WITH NATHAN FLINTLOCK . . .

I RECKON WE'LL BLAST WORKERSLY TEN–NIL, MR. FLINTLOCK! THEY'VE GOT A MID-WEEK GAME TO PLAY AS WELL!

COUNT NOT YOUR CHICKENS BEFORE THEY ARE INCUBATED, CYRIL! I INTEND TO TAKE THE TEAM TO WORKERSLY ON WEDNESDAY . . . TO OBSERVE THEIR STYLE! WE WILL LEAVE NOTHING TO CHANCE!

THE ENTIRE POORFORD FIRST TEAM AND RESERVES WENT TO SEE WORKERSLY PLAY . . .

BEAR IN MIND, MY MERRY MEN, THAT WE ARE NOT HERE FOR FUN! I WANT ALL DEFENDERS TO WATCH THE WORKERSLY ATTACK . . . AND ALL OUR FORWARDS TO OBSERVE THE DEFENCE! WATCH FOR THEIR WEAK POINTS AND SHORTCOMINGS! LEARN!

WORKERSLY WERE A POOR SIDE IN DEFENCE . . .

COR, LOOK AT THAT! BOTH OF 'EM GOING IN!

HAH! THEY DON'T COVER EACH OTHER AT ALL!

THUMP!

AND ALSO IN ATTACK...
WHY DIDN'T HE PASS? HE HAD A MAN UN-MARKED OVER THERE!
HE'S TOO SLOW TO CATCH A COLD!
NO WONDER THEY'LL BE RELEGATED!

OH, NO! RIGHT THROUGH HIS LEGS! EVEN THE GOALIE ISN'T MUCH GOOD! THAT'S THREE-NIL NOW!
I'M A CAUTIOUS MAN, CYRIL... BUT EVEN I THINK POORFORD COULD GIVE THIS PATHETIC BUNCH A TWO-GOAL START AND STILL WHACK THE BOOTLACES OFF 'EM!

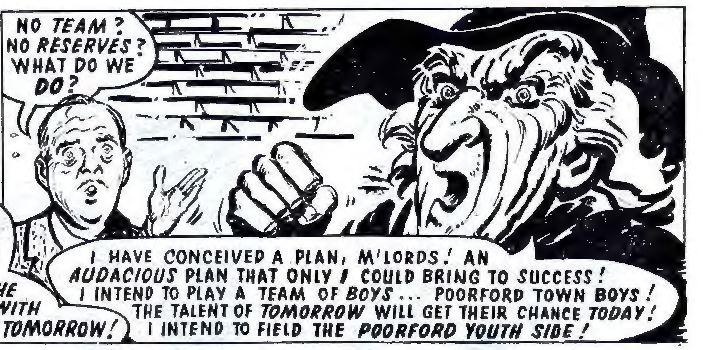
BUT ON THE COACH RIDE BACK TO POORFORD...
I HAVE A STRANGE FEELING OF IMPENDING DOOM, DRIVER! TELL ME, ARE WE NEARLY AT POORFORD? THIS FOG IS IMPENETRABLE!
WE COULD BE GOING PAST THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT FOR ALL I KNOW, GUV'NOR! I CAN'T SEE A THING! IT'D BE BETTER IF WE PULLED UP AND WAITED A WHILE..!

BEFORE THE DRIVER COULD ACT...
STEADY, MEN—NO PANIC! IT IS I, NATHAN FLINTLOCK, AT THE HELM! STAND BY THE LIFE-BOATS... WOMEN AND CHILDREN WILL DISEMBARK FIRST!
WE'VE GONE OFF THE ROAD!
WE'VE CRASHED!
WE'RE IN A FLAMIN' POND!

I THOUGHT YOU KNEW THE WAY!
I THOUGHT THE RAIN WOULD CLEAR THE FOG!
I'M SOAKED! AAAAHH-CHOO!
COURAGE, MEN... NOT MUCH FARTHER! ER... I HOPE!

ONE HOUR LATER...
BEHOLD... I HAVE BROUGHT YOU SAFELY THROUGH! OUR TRIALS ARE OVER... THE LIGHTS OF POORFORD ARE BELOW!
TWO HOURS TO WALK TWO MILES! BAH!
AAAA-TISHOOO!

ON FRIDAY MORNING, THE DAY BEFORE THEIR LAST VITAL GAME...
BUT WHERE'S THE TEAM, MR. FLINTLOCK.. SHOULDN'T THEY BE OUT HERE TRAINING?
TOMORROW'S GAME IS THE MOST IMPORTANT IN OUR HISTORY!
HRRMPH! I REGRET, DEAR SIRS, THAT I HAVE A TALE TO TELL YOU THAT WILL CHILL YOUR HEARTS! IT WILL MAKE STRONG MEN BREAK DOWN AND WEEP! THE ENTIRE FIRST TEAM AND THE RESERVES... ARE ALL IN BED WITH BAD COLDS! THEY CANNOT PLAY TOMORROW!

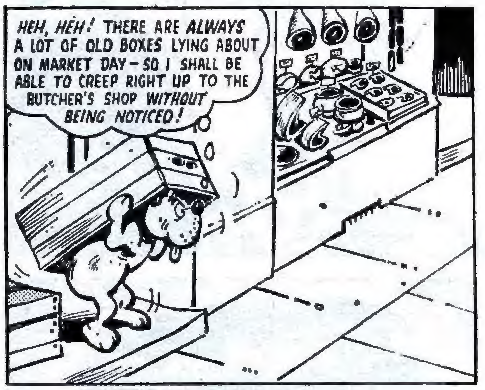

NO TEAM? NO RESERVES? WHAT DO WE DO?
I HAVE CONCEIVED A PLAN, M'LORDS! AN AUDACIOUS PLAN THAT ONLY I COULD BRING TO SUCCESS! I INTEND TO PLAY A TEAM OF BOYS... POORFORD TOWN BOYS! THE TALENT OF TOMORROW WILL GET THEIR CHANCE TODAY! I INTEND TO FIELD THE POORFORD YOUTH SIDE!

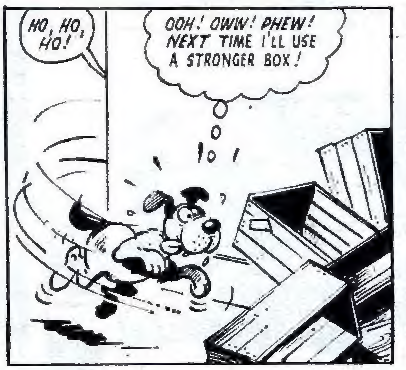
WILL THIS DESPERATE GAMBLE PAY OFF? MORE EXCITEMENT NEXT MONDAY!

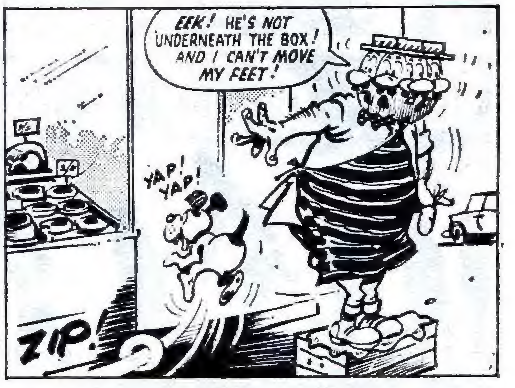
CHOPS ALWAYS WAS RATHER STUCK-UP, AND THIS WEEK SEES HIM IN A REALLY "GLUE-MY" MOOD!

MUTT 'n' CHOPS

The Hungry Hound and his Enemy the Butcher


HEH, HEH! THERE ARE ALWAYS A LOT OF OLD BOXES LYING ABOUT ON MARKET DAY – SO I SHALL BE ABLE TO CREEP RIGHT UP TO THE BUTCHER'S SHOP WITHOUT BEING NOTICED!





NEXT MONDAY'S JEWEL OF A TALE CONCERNS A LOST BRACELET!

GATHER ROUND, CHUMS!

BUSTER'S Birthday CLUB

★ **MY ADDRESS:** Buster's Birthday Club, 1-2 Bear Alley, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4 (Comp.) ★

HEY there, sidewinders! Time once again to hang up yore holsters and mosey on down to the Club saloon for another pan-handling page introduced by yore old buddy, Sherriff Buster!

Waal, I do declare . . . looks like the last stage has brought four more sons of a gun, and, boy—do they look eager to draw a bead on the sure-fire fun frolics that fill every inch of the trail to Clubville. Shore glad you dropped in, podnuhs, 'cos, by crackey, yuh'll bust yore braces chuckling at the cotton-pickin' cackle-show I've got lined up for you . . . and if it doesn't set even the ornery coyotes a-howling, then I'll eat mah ten-gallon hat!

Okay, I see yore trigger fingers are itchin', so I'll be on my way! Happy range-riding!

Yore old cow-punching pal,

Buster.

It's Birth Date Time!

19th February, 1958	**5th June, 1961**
27th April, 1959	**28th November, 1962**
1st December, 1960	**31st August, 1963**

QUICK, lads and lassies . . . check those dates! If you can find your birth date—exact day, month and year—among those listed above, and providing you sent in to join our Club by **Monday, 23rd March,** you are in line for any one of these super prizes: **Writing Folder, Pocket Knife, Oil-Painting-by-numbers Set, Fountain Pen, Model Vintage Car Kit, Box of Embroidered Hankies.**

Choose your prize from this list and write it on a postcard together with your full name, address and date of birth. Mark the card "BIRTH DATE GAME" in the top-left corner of the address side, and post it to reach the Club by **Thursday, 9th April.** If you live overseas you have longer, until 20th August, to send in your claims. More dates next week, chums!

A WORD IN YOUR EAR . . .

Blundering Boodgie!

SEEMS that our old pal, Freddie "Parrot-face" Davies isn't the only one who has a boodgie problem. London Club member, David Phillips, owns a pet budgie, called Johnny, and David has written to tell us about the scrapes and close-shaves that the bird has got into recently.

The first accident that befell Johnny occurred one day when David's sister spotted the bird chewing up a precious copy of BUSTER. Rushing to retrieve the comic, she accidentally trod on poor Johnny and he had to be taken to the vet and have a small splint fastened to one of his legs.

No sooner had he recovered his high spirits, than Johnny decided to crawl under the back of David's brother, who was lying on the floor. Not realising this, the boy rolled over, nearly squashing his feathered friend. Still unable to keep out of trouble, Johnny set out one day to inspect the fire, with the result that all his feathers were scorched by the heat, before the indignantly-squawking bird could beat a hasty retreat!

Lastly, David adds that Johnny obviously became discontented with only being able to "fly" and on one occasion tried to prove his ability to "fry," as well! The Phillips family discovered the Budgie swimming about in the fat in the chip-pan, which, fortunately for the bird, was not hot at the time.

"Snow" use!

WE all know what fun can be had when the snow lies thick on the ground. Well Andrew Osborne from Plymouth enjoys rolling small snowballs through the snow and watching them grow in size.

Once Andrew and a friend tried to roll a snowball from a nearby wood, through a park to their home. However, before they had reached their destination, the snowball had grown to more than five feet in diameter. It was by that time too heavy for them to move!

FOUR MORE PALS!

Bernard Reubens from Middlesbrough is 12 years old and a keen animal lover. Bernard says he reads every book he can find about wildlife. He also reads BUSTER every week.

Yorkshire member, **Paul Clague**, is an enthusiastic member of the Cubs, as well as being a great soccer fan. Foremost among his many other interests is fishing.

Smiling **Julie Haines** is certainly a merry-looking pal . . . and she says she enjoys FOOTBALL! However, Julie adds that she also gets a "kick" out of reading.

Introducing **Kim Aspinall**, a cheery chum who hails from Manchester. Kim includes among his hobbies reading, stamp-collecting and painting.

We've reserved over 100 for you — all different, **plus Russians and Space Stamps,** sent FREE when you request our Discount Approvals, with lots of Bargains and other Free Gift offers. Send two 3d. stamps for return postage and packing.

Please tell your parents you are writing.

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(Dept. B17), 291 London Road, Leftwich, Northwich, Cheshire

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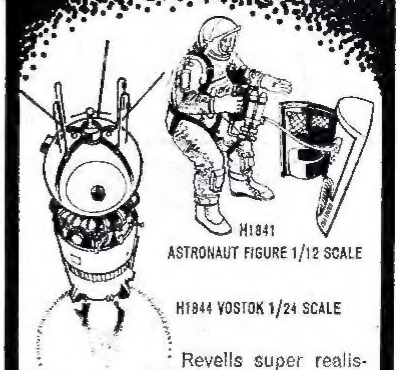
INCLUDING this Horse Stamp

THE WULFRUNA STAMP Co. (BT35),
33 TRINITY STREET, DORCHESTER, DORSET.

SPACE MODELS



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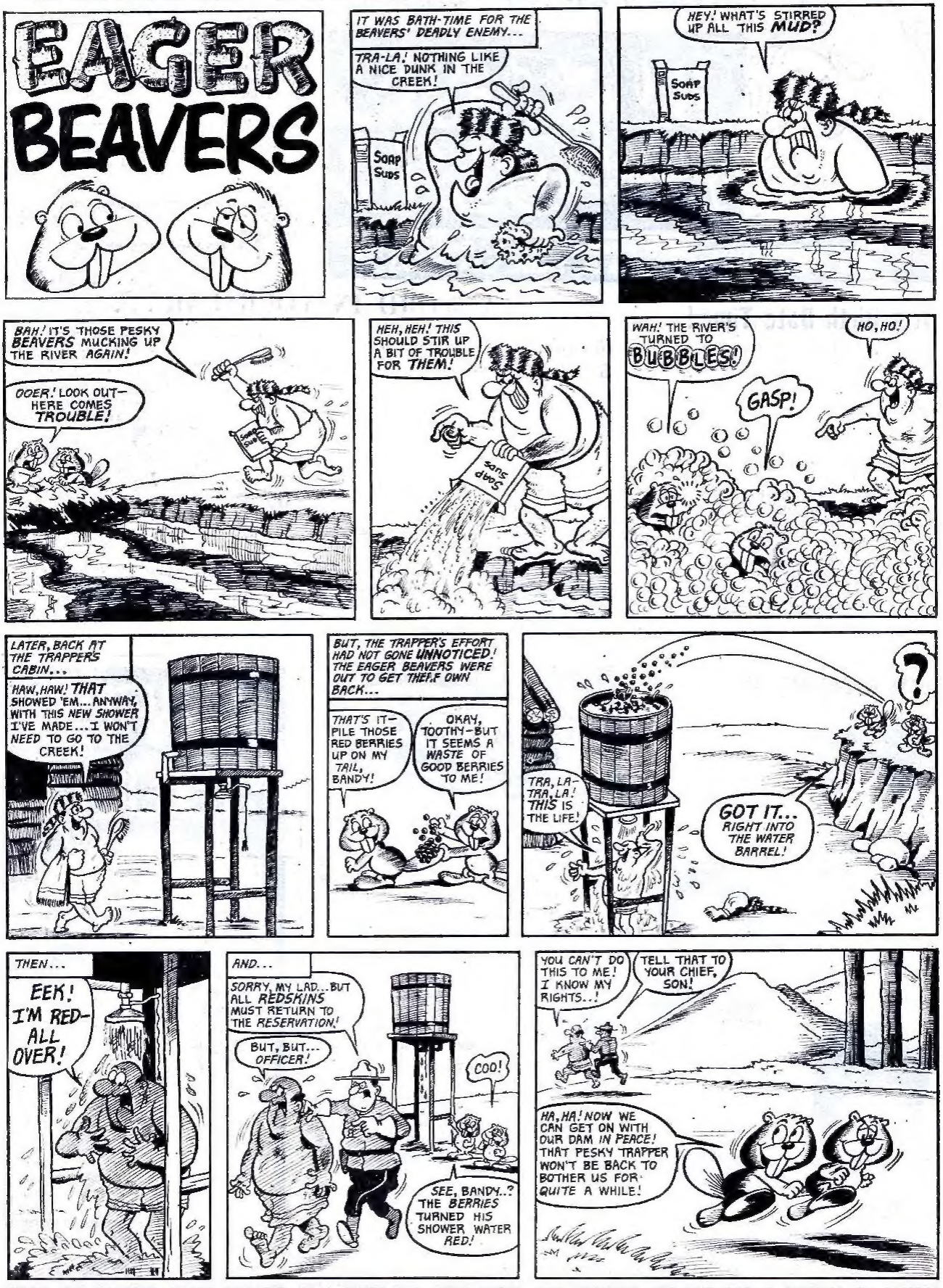
THE TRAPPER IS HARDLY BATHED IN GLORY WHEN HE TRIES TO SOFT-SOAP THE BEAVERS!


EAGER BEAVERS
IT WAS BATH-TIME FOR THE BEAVERS' DEADLY ENEMY...
TRA-LA! NOTHING LIKE A NICE DUNK IN THE CREEK!
SOAP SUDS
HEY! WHAT'S STIRRED UP ALL THIS MUD?
SOAP SUDS
BAH! IT'S THOSE PESKY BEAVERS MUCKING UP THE RIVER AGAIN!
OOER! LOOK OUT— HERE COMES TROUBLE!
HEH, HEH! THIS SHOULD STIR UP A BIT OF TROUBLE FOR THEM!
SOAP SUDS
WAH! THE RIVER'S TURNED TO BUBBLES!
HO, HO!
GASP!
LATER, BACK AT THE TRAPPER'S CABIN...
HAW, HAW! THAT SHOWED 'EM... ANYWAY, WITH THIS NEW SHOWER I'VE MADE... I WON'T NEED TO GO TO THE CREEK!
BUT, THE TRAPPER'S EFFORT HAD NOT GONE UNNOTICED! THE EAGER BEAVERS WERE OUT TO GET THEIR OWN BACK...
THAT'S IT— PILE THOSE RED BERRIES UP ON MY TAIL, BANDY!
OKAY, TOOTHY— BUT IT SEEMS A WASTE OF GOOD BERRIES TO ME!
TRA, LA— TRA, LA! THIS IS THE LIFE!
?
GOT IT... RIGHT INTO THE WATER BARREL!
THEN...
EEK! I'M RED— ALL OVER!
AND...
SORRY, MY LAD... BUT ALL REDSKINS MUST RETURN TO THE RESERVATION!
BUT, BUT... OFFICER!
COO!
SEE, BANDY..? THE BERRIES TURNED HIS SHOWER WATER RED!
YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! I KNOW MY RIGHTS..!
TELL THAT TO YOUR CHIEF, SON!
HA, HA! NOW WE CAN GET ON WITH OUR DAM IN PEACE! THAT PESKY TRAPPER WON'T BE BACK TO BOTHER US FOR QUITE A WHILE!

WHEN THE TRAPPER FINDS HIMSELF IN A RIVER BED NEXT WEEK, THE BEAVERS ARE DUE FOR A STREAM OF ABUSE!

THE TINY SPACE-CREATURE DISAPPEARED FROM SIGHT, AND JIM JONES MADE A GRIM DECISION!

GALAXUS

THE THING FROM OUTER SPACE

A space-creature known as Galaxus had been marooned on Earth, and, although harmless, he was being hunted throughout the world. With his only two friends—two English boys named Jim and Danny Jones—Galaxus was now in India, helping the Maharajah of Timapur to find the secret of the Blue Fire of Barangapore. But, in a sinister river, Galaxus was swept away on a giant plant seed, and . . .

D-DANNY, HE'S BEING PULLED TOWARDS THAT FISSURE... WHERE THE RIVER VANISHES UNDERGROUND!

MOOO... UUU... UUUH!

AGAINST THE FIERCE SURGE OF THE WATER, THERE WAS NOTHING THE SPACE-CREATURE COULD DO...

SPLAT!

GLUURG!

BLOOOP!

HE'S GONE.. GONE!

W-WE CAN'T DESERT HIM NOW, DANNY! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO..!

WE'LL HAVE TO SWIM AFTER HIM! COME ON..!

OH, M-MY GOSH!

DOWN TOWARDS THE GAPING HOLE THEY PLUNGED...

ALMOST THERE! GIVE ME YOUR HAND, DANNY... AND FOR GOODNESS SAKE DON'T LET GO!

R-RIGHT!

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

JIM AND DANNY FOUND THEMSELVES IN A VAST, VAULTED CAVERN!

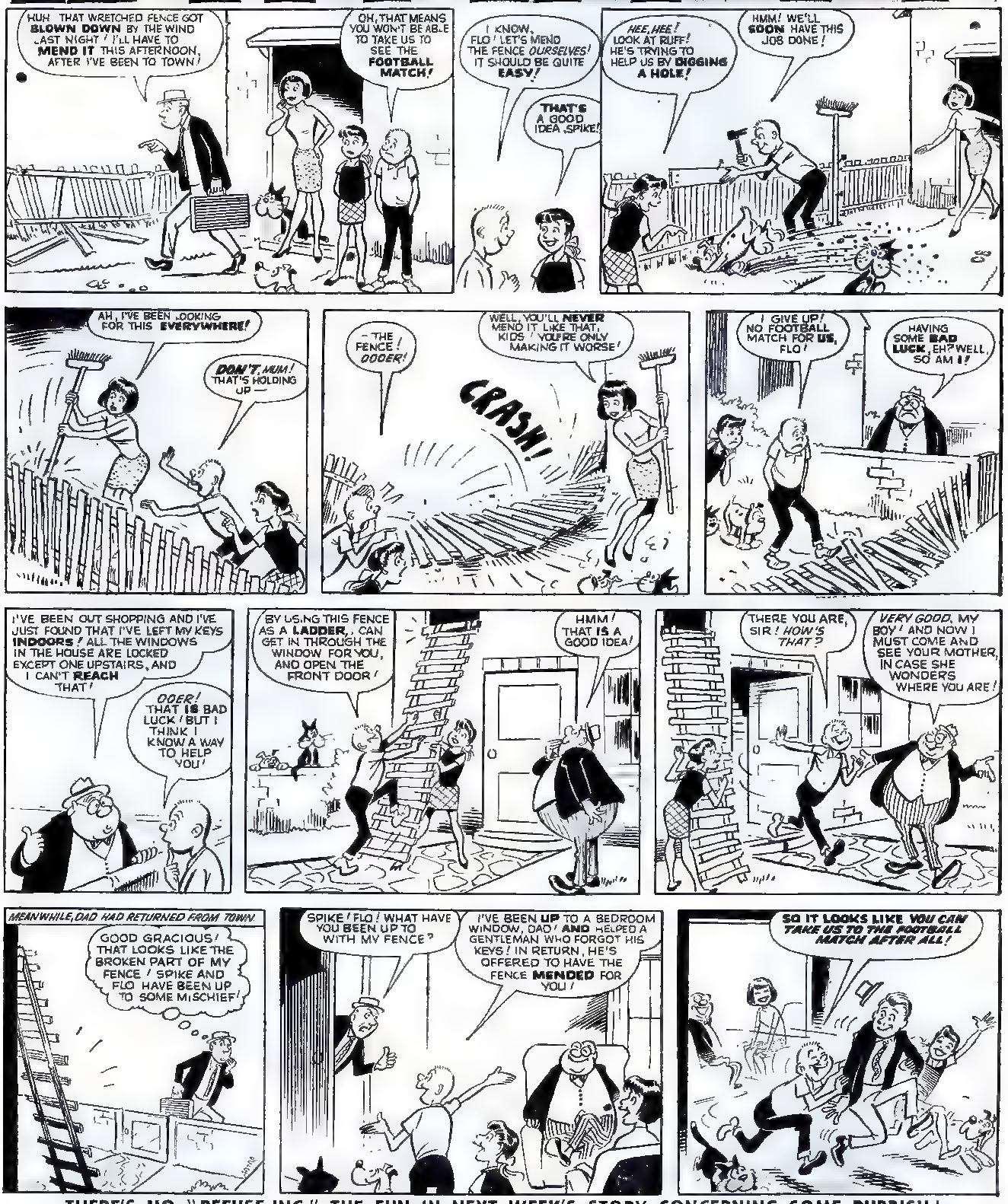
LINKED TOGETHER, THE TWO BOYS BREATHED DEEPLY, AND CLOSED THEIR EYES!
NNNNNG!
SWUURGLE!
ON AND ON THEY TUMBLED... INTO GRIM, TERRIBLE DANGER!
TH-THERE'S NO AIR-SPACE ABOVE OUR HEADS! W-WE'RE DOOMED... FINISHED!
THEN, LIKE A MIRACLE...
GAAOWFF! AIR! AIR AT LAST!
W-WE'RE IN A CAVERN! THE WALLS AND ROOF ARE GLEAMING— COVERED IN SOME SORT OF LUMINOUS SLIME..!
AND THEN A FAINT, FAMILIAR CRY REACHED THEIR EARS...
MOOAUUH!
YOO-UUH!
IT'S GALAXUS... CLINGING TO A ROCK!
OH, THANK GOODNESS WE'VE FOUND YOU, OLD PAL! ARE YOU HURT?
N-N-N-UUUAH!
SHIVERING WITH FRIGHT, THE GENTLE SPACE-CREATURE SHOOK HIS HEAD...
GOOD— THAT'S A RELIEF, ANYWAY! NOW WE'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY OUT OF HERE..!
WHAT ABOUT THE LAST CLUE TO THE SECRET OF THE BLUE FIRE, JIM? IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE..!
RIGHT NOW, I'M CONCERNED WITH OUR OWN SAFETY, DANNY! GALAXUS —I WANT YOU TO GROW TO GIANT SIZE, OKAY?
MUUUU..!

NEXT MOMENT, THE SPACE-CREATURE WAS SIXTY FEET TALL...
MMMM-OOWFF-FFT!
WELL DONE! NOW HEAVE LIKE FURY AGAINST THE ROOF, GALAXUS! WITH ANY LUCK, YOU'LL BREAK THROUGH TO THE HILLSIDE ABOVE!
GALAXUS STRAINED WITH ALL HIS MIGHT—AND, ON THE RIM OF THE GORGE HALF A MILE AWAY...
KKR-RAK! KREE!
PRINCELY ONE, LOOK YONDER! THAT HILL..!
BY THE SHRINE OF MY FATHER, WHAT..?
SMILING, THE SPACE-CREATURE STEPPED OUT ON TO FIRM GROUND...
TH-THIS I DO NOT UNDERSTAND! WHAT HAPPENED, MY CHILDREN..?
IT'S A LONG STORY— AND A FRIGHTENING ONE, TOO!
KRRAA
AAAK!
MUUUU!
YAIEEE, IT IS GALAXUS! THE GIANT BEAST RISES FROM THE EARTH!
BRIEFLY, JIM TOLD THE MAHARAJAH EVERYTHING..
... AND THAT'S ABOUT IT, SIR! BUT I'M AFRAID WE COULDN'T FIND THE LAST CLUE..!
WAIT, THE BEAST'S BACK! LOOK AT HIS BACK!
ON GALAXUS'S FUR WAS A GLOWING, DRIPPING SERIES OF STRANGE SYMBOLS...
G-GOLLY, IT LOOKS LIKE GREAT DAUBS OF LUMINOUS PAINT...!
OF COURSE! IT MUST HAVE RUBBED OFF THE CAVERN WALLS WHEN GALAXUS WAS HEAVING THROUGH THE ROOF, DANNY..!
THE MAHARAJAH GASPED— AND A FIERCE, FANATICAL JOY SHONE IN HIS EYES..!
TH-THAT IS NO ORDINARY SLIME, BUT AN ANCIENT MESSAGE! THE WRITINGS OF KANDAR THE WISE! THE LAST CLUE, MY CHILDREN!
HA, HA! NOW I HAVE IT! NOW I HAVE THE SECRET OF THE BLUE FIRE OF BARANGAPORE!

WHAT IS IN STORE FOR THE COMPANIONS? READ ON IN NEXT WEEK'S GRIPPING INSTALMENT!

THE KIDS CERTAINLY GET IN A FIX WHEN THEY TRY TO REPAIR A BROKEN FENCE!

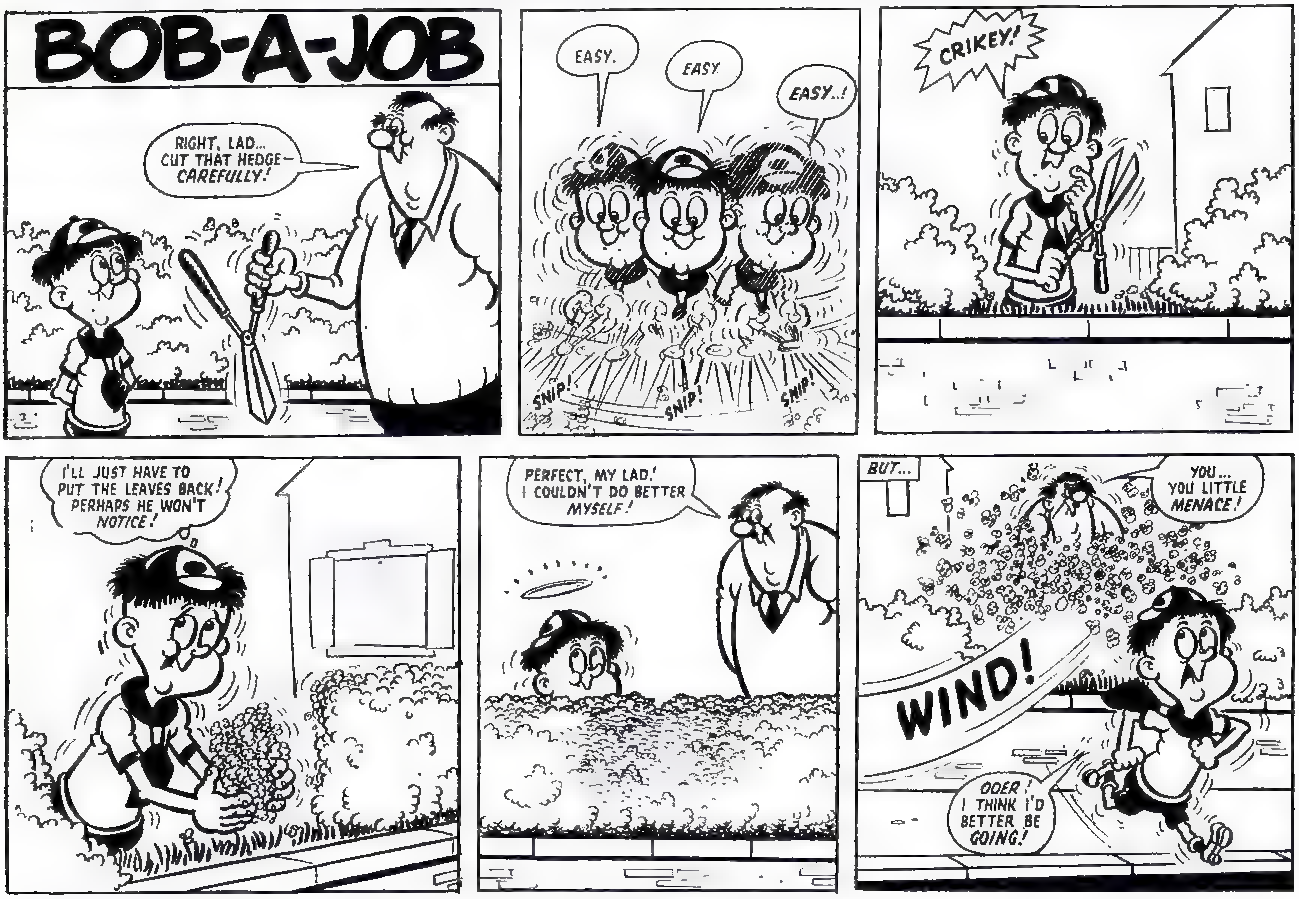
HAPPY FAMILY


HUH! THAT WRETCHED FENCE GOT BLOWN DOWN BY THE WIND LAST NIGHT! I'LL HAVE TO MEND IT THIS AFTERNOON, AFTER I'VE BEEN TO TOWN!
OH, THAT MEANS YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO TAKE US TO SEE THE FOOTBALL MATCH!
I KNOW, FLO! LET'S MEND THE FENCE OURSELVES! IT SHOULD BE QUITE EASY!
THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, SPIKE!
HEE, HEE! LOOK AT RUFF! HE'S TRYING TO HELP US BY DIGGING A HOLE!
HMM! WE'LL SOON HAVE THIS JOB DONE!
AH, I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR THIS EVERYWHERE!
DON'T, MUM! THAT'S HOLDING UP—
—THE FENCE! OOOER!
WELL, YOU'LL NEVER MEND IT LIKE THAT, KIDS! YOU'RE ONLY MAKING IT WORSE!
CRASH!
I GIVE UP! NO FOOTBALL MATCH FOR US, FLO!
HAVING SOME BAD LUCK, EH? WELL, SO AM I!
I'VE BEEN OUT SHOPPING AND I'VE JUST FOUND THAT I'VE LEFT MY KEYS INDOORS! ALL THE WINDOWS IN THE HOUSE ARE LOCKED EXCEPT ONE UPSTAIRS, AND I CAN'T REACH THAT!
OOER! THAT IS BAD LUCK! BUT I THINK I KNOW A WAY TO HELP YOU!
BY USING THIS FENCE AS A LADDER, CAN GET IN THROUGH THE WINDOW FOR YOU, AND OPEN THE FRONT DOOR!
HMM! THAT IS A GOOD IDEA!
THERE YOU ARE, SIR! HOW'S THAT?
VERY GOOD, MY BOY! AND NOW I MUST COME AND SEE YOUR MOTHER, IN CASE SHE WONDERS WHERE YOU ARE!
MEANWHILE, DAD HAD RETURNED FROM TOWN
GOOD GRACIOUS! THAT LOOKS LIKE THE BROKEN PART OF MY FENCE! SPIKE AND FLO HAVE BEEN UP TO SOME MISCHIEF!
SPIKE! FLO! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO WITH MY FENCE?
I'VE BEEN UP TO A BEDROOM WINDOW, DAD! AND HELPED A GENTLEMAN WHO FORGOT HIS KEYS! IN RETURN, HE'S OFFERED TO HAVE THE FENCE MENDED FOR YOU!
SO IT LOOKS LIKE YOU CAN TAKE US TO THE FOOTBALL MATCH AFTER ALL!

THERE'S NO "REFUSE-ING" THE FUN IN NEXT WEEK'S STORY CONCERNING SOME RUBBISH!

OUR HAPLESS HERO IS REALLY BUSHED WHEN HE TRIES HIS HAND AT HEDGE-TRIMMING!

BOB-A-JOB



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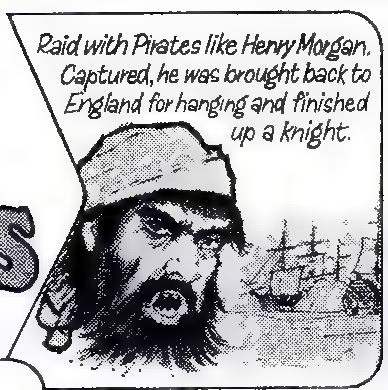
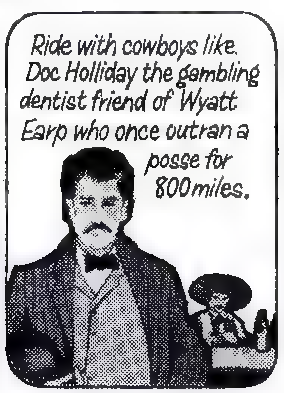
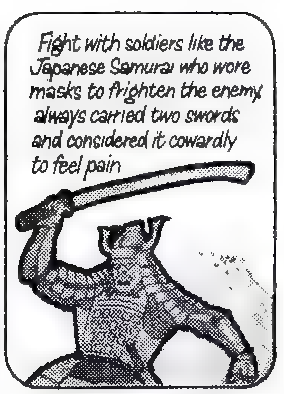
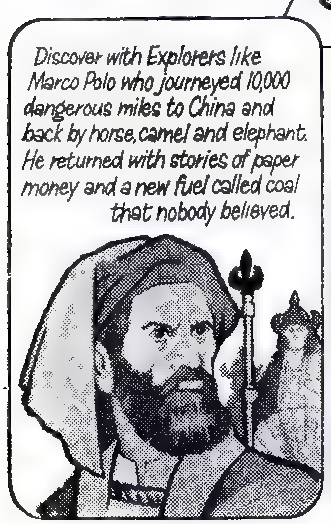
FREE MINI BOOKS


Raid with Pirates like Henry Morgan. Captured, he was brought back to England for hanging and finished up a knight.


Ride with cowboys like Doc Holliday the gambling dentist friend of Wyatt Earp who once outran a posse for 800 miles.


Fight with soldiers like the Japanese Samurai who wore masks to frighten the enemy, always carried two swords and considered it cowardly to feel pain.


Discover with Explorers like Marco Polo who journeyed 10,000 dangerous miles to China and back by horse, camel and elephant. He returned with stories of paper money and a new fuel called coal that nobody believed.

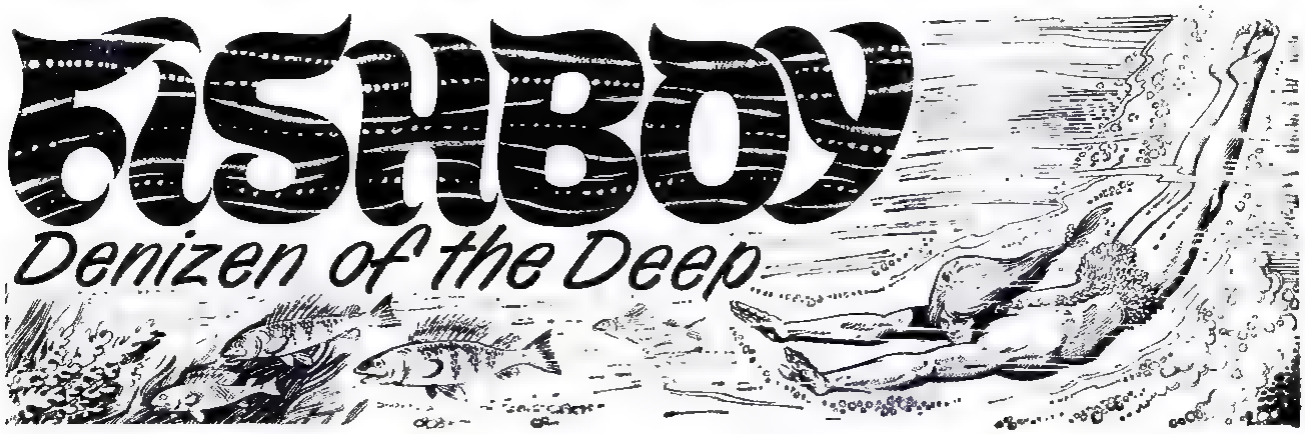
Collect your **FREE MINI BOOKS** With 26 pages of stories and coloured illustrations in each one. Share all their adventures.

There's a book **FREE INSIDE** every packet of SHREDDIES and SPOON SIZE SHREDDED WHEAT
Tell Mum to get some

AGOKK'S WAR-FLEET CARRIED THE HELPLESS FISHBOY ACROSS THE WINE-DARK SEAS TO AN UNCERTAIN FATE!

FISHBOY

Denizen of the Deep



Stranded on a desert island as a child, Fishboy developed slightly webbed hands and feet and learned to breathe underwater as easily as a fish. Discovering that his parents were two geologists believed to be working in Australia, he set off to find them. But, near the coast of New Guinea, Fishboy recovered an ancient ceremonial dagger which a man called Agokk the Mask was going to use as a symbol of power . . .

FISHBOY HAS *SERVED* HIS PURPOSE! NOW HE SHALL MEET HIS END IN *THE LAIR OF THE SCALE-SKINNED HUNTER!* I, AGOKK, HAVE SPOKEN!

AIEEE, SO BE IT! SO BE IT!

RECOVERING FROM THE EFFECTS OF A STUNNING DART, FISHBOY LISTENED DAZEDLY...

PROSTRATE YOURSELVES BEFORE ME, FISHERMEN OF *VARNOS*... HENCEFORTH I SHALL BEND *ALL* MEN TO MY WILL!

N-NO... THIS... *MUST* NOT HAPPEN...!

WEAKLY, FISHBOY PLEADED DESPERATELY WITH THE TREMBLING FISHERMEN...

D-DO NOT LISTEN...! THIS WOODEN-FACED LAND-MAN TELLS LIES! HE HAS *NO* HOLD OVER YOU..!

THE SO-CALLED POWER OF THIS KNIFE IS NOTHING BUT EMPTY *SUPERSTITION!*

NO... *NO!* IT IS *WRITTEN* THAT HE WHO POSSESSES THE SACRED DAGGER OF MA'KAAFU IS *MASTER* OF ALL HE SURVEYS! WE CAN DO *NOTHING..!*

LEERING VICIOUSLY, AGOKK STRUCK FISHBOY A SAVAGE BLOW!

THWAP!

NOT EVEN *YOU* CAN GIVE THEM COURAGE, SEA-CHILD! NOW *BIND* HIM WELL, MY WARRIORS..!

...FOR WHEN THE SUN SETS, WE SAIL TO *THE ATOLL OF THE SCALE-SKINNED HUNTER!*

IT-IT IS *THERE* THAT FISHBOY IS SUPPOSED TO *MEET HIS END!* B-BUT *WHAT MANNER* OF FOE WILL HE HAVE TO FACE?

ALL THAT NIGHT, AGOKK'S WAR FLEET PLOUGHED STEADILY ACROSS THE MOONLIT OCEAN...

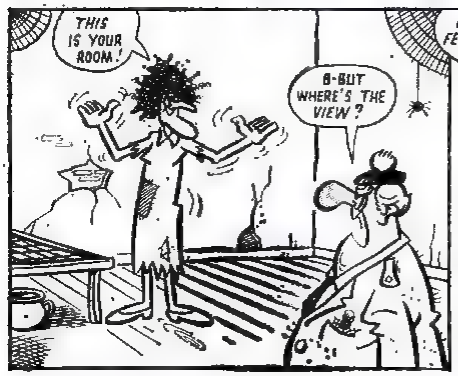
THEN, JUST AS DAWN WAS BREAKING...
BEHOLD, SIRE .. THE ATOLL!
WE MUST MOVE QUICKLY— BEFORE THE SUN RISES AND THE HUNTER STIRS!
MINUTES LATER, THE PARTY WAS ASHORE...
ISLAND IS ROCKY... BARREN! WHAT MANNER OF CREATURE CAN LIVE IN THIS PLACE..?
FASTER, SEA-CHILD... FASTER!
PRODDED ON BY THE SPEARS, FISHBOY STUMBLED TO THE TOP OF A HILL! THEN...
BEHOLD THE GULLY OF NO RETURN! DOWN THERE IS THE LAIR OF THE SCALE-SKINNED HUNTER! JUMP, FISHBOY!
N-NO NO!
FOOL, THERE CAN BE NO ESCAPE FROM THE WRATH OF AGOMK THE MASK! JUMP!
THUK!
YEEE-AAGH!
NNNNG!
SCRUUNCH!
DAZED AND BRUISED, FISHBOY ROLLED ON TO HIS KNEES! THEN...
SNIKKA...SNIKKA... SNIK!
S-STRANGE NOISE... LIKE SLAP OF SEAWEED AGAINST ROCK! W-WHAT IS IT?
HEART POUNDING, HE STAGGERED TO HIS FEET...
H-HOLE AT FOOT OF CLIFF..! SOMETHING MOVES!
SNNNN...
TWO EYES GLOWED IN THE DARKNESS— THEN, WITHOUT WARNING...
NIKKA-IKKA-IKKA!
GAAAH!
A BELT-LIKE TENTACLE! IT IS THE STINGING TONGUE OF SOME GIANT BEAST!

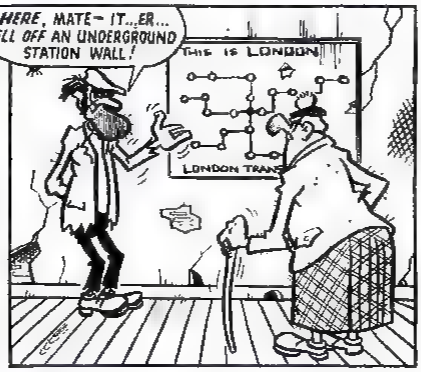
WHAT NEW DANGER FACES FISHBOY? NEXT MONDAY'S EPISODE IS SURE TO BE A REAL THRILLER!

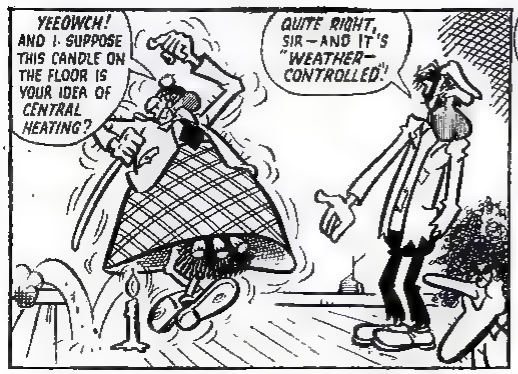
THE MISERS GET THEIR JUST "RENT-RIBUTION" FOR TRYING TO LET OUT A SHABBY ROOM!

the MISERS

WE CAN OFFER YOU A ROOM WITH A VIEW, RUNNING WATER, CENTRAL HEATING, AND GOOD WHOLESOME FOOD! PAYMENT IN ADVANCE, OF COURSE!
SOUNDS FINE—I'LL TAK' IT!
AND I'LL TAKE THAT!



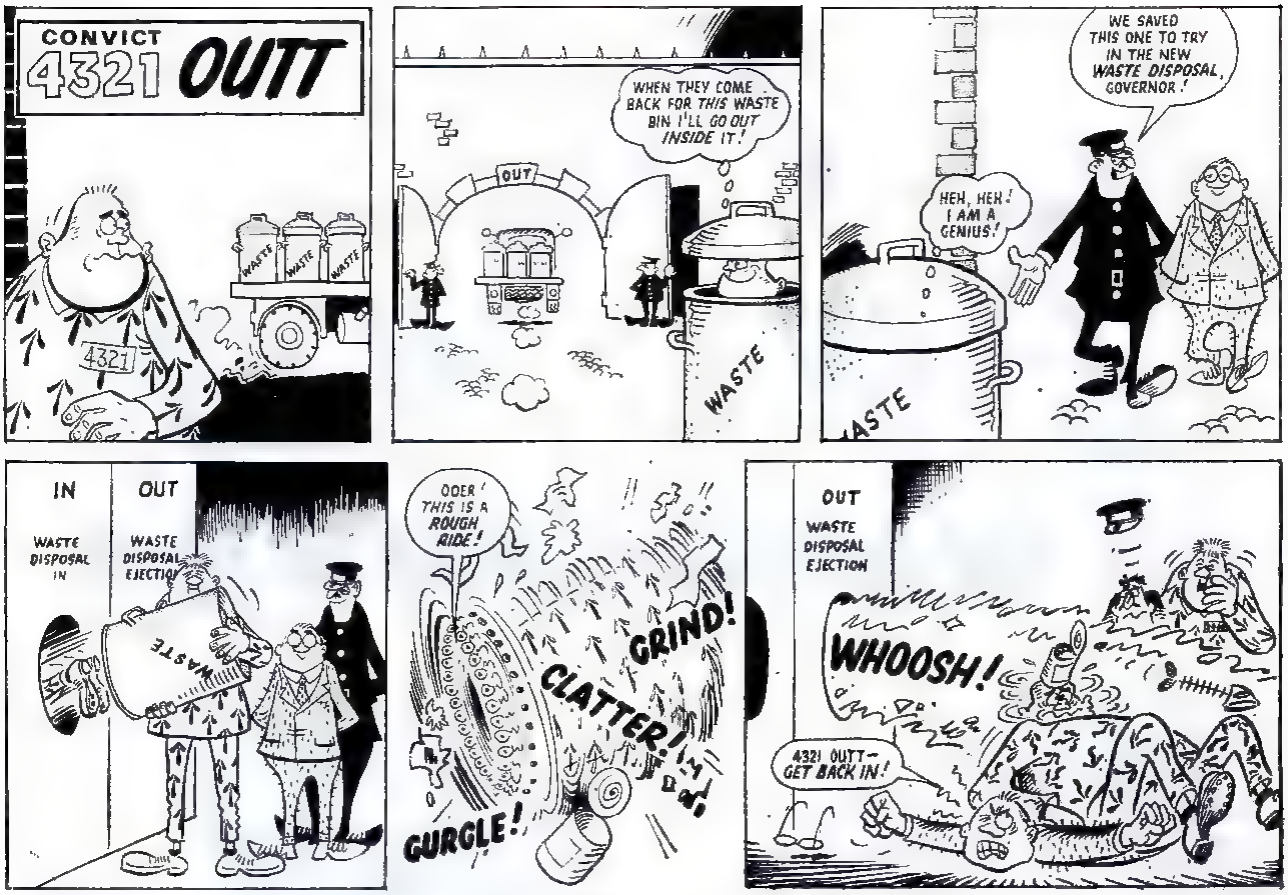



YEEOWCH! AND I SUPPOSE THIS CANDLE ON THE FLOOR IS YOUR IDEA OF CENTRAL HEATING?
QUITE RIGHT, SIR—AND IT'S "WEATHER-CONTROLLED!"

PERHAPS I'LL TAKE THE LODGINGS FOR THE GOOD WHOLESOME FOOD ALONE!
HOW SENSIBLE, SIR! MY GOOD WIFE WILL FETCH YOU A FEAST RIGHT AWAY!

MORE MONEY-SAVING MIRTH WITH THE PENNY-PINCHING MISERS, NEXT WEEK!

WHAT A WASTE! OUTT'S LATEST ESCAPE BID HAS TO BE JUNKED!



THIS SOCCER COUNTY HAS EVERYTHING!

Outstanding players, top teams, highest attendances and more League and F.A. Cup triumphs than any other county. This amazing soccer record sends Lancashire shooting up to the top of the regional honours list.

Read SHOOT'S exciting guide to this spectacular goal-snatching county with big-interest features, personality pieces, thrilling action shots and super full-colour pin-ups.

- **Bobby Moore talks about Bobby Charlton**
- **"A super league has got to come" says Bill Shankly**
- **Can Best be better?**
- **How Joe Mercer and Malcolm Allison work together**
- **"Scoring goals gives me a big kick" says Francis Lee**

Read about football's county champions in

SHOOT'S No1 LANCASHIRE FOOTBALL SPECIAL 3/6

INSIDE:

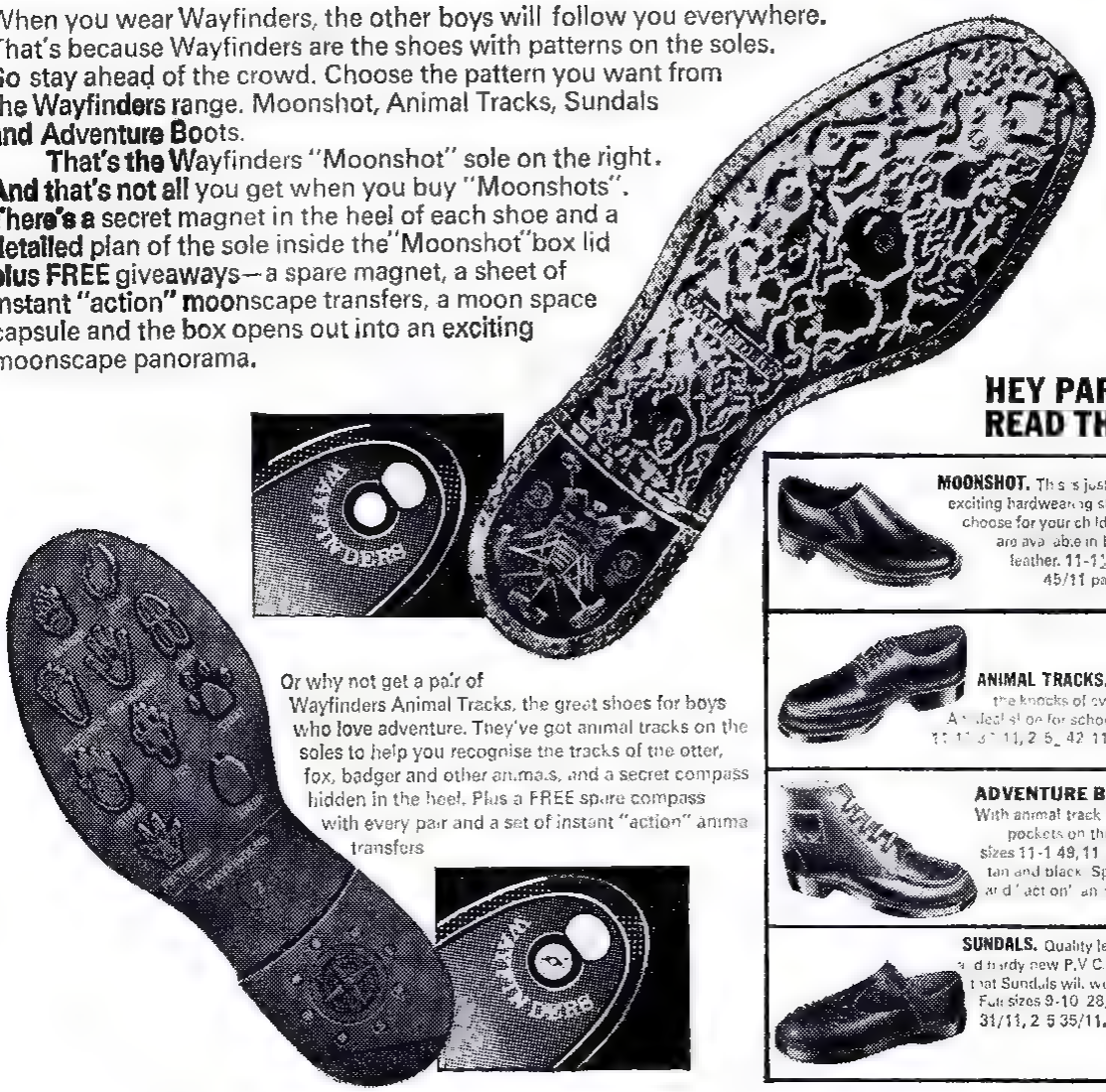
64 powerful pages
8 in fantastic full colour
Published by the biggest-selling football weekly

OUT NOW 3/6

HEY KIDS MAKE TRACKS! IN WAYFINDERS

When you wear Wayfinders, the other boys will follow you everywhere. That's because Wayfinders are the shoes with patterns on the soles. So stay ahead of the crowd. Choose the pattern you want from the Wayfinders range. Moonshot, Animal Tracks, Sundals and Adventure Boots.

That's the Wayfinders "Moonshot" sole on the right. **And that's not all** you get when you buy "Moonshots". **There's a** secret magnet in the heel of each shoe and a **detailed** plan of the sole inside the "Moonshot" box lid **plus FREE** giveaways—a spare magnet, a sheet of instant "action" **moon**scape transfers, a moon space capsule and the box opens out into an **exciting** moonscape panorama.



Or why not get a pair of Wayfinders Animal Tracks, the great shoes for boys who love adventure. They've got animal tracks on the soles to help you recognise the tracks of the otter, fox, badger and other animals, and a secret compass hidden in the heel. Plus a FREE spare compass with every pair and a set of instant "action" animal transfers.

HEY PARENTS, READ THIS

MOONSHOT. This is just one of three exciting hardwearing styles you can choose for your children. All three are available in black smooth feather. 11-1 42/11 2 5 45/11 pair, 6-7 54/11

ANIMAL TRACKS. Built to take the knocks of everyday wear. An ideal shoe for school. Hi sizes 11-11 6 11, 2 5 42 11, 6 7 49 11.

ADVENTURE BOOTS
With animal track soles, special pockets on the uppers. Full sizes 11-1 49, 11 2 5 54/11 in tan and black. Spare compass and 'action' animal transfers.

SUNDALS. Quality leather uppers and sturdy new P.V.C. soles ensure that Sundals will wear and wear. Full sizes 9-10 28, 11, 11-1 31/11, 2 5 35/11.

GET WAYFINDERS AND GRAB THESE GREAT OFFERS

5/- off a PHILIPS Rotating Moon Globe worth 25/-. Send only 20/- (includes postage and packing). Fascinating guide to all the major moon landmarks. Follow the moon landings.

10/- off a large ROTADRAW animal set worth 32/6. Send only 22/6 (includes postage and packing). Hours of fun, simple, safe and easy to use.

Send only 18/6 (includes postage & packing) for this super "Blue Box" Secret Missiles Base. Four separate compartments full of rockets, a jeep and helicopter, figures and a whole lot else including a launching pad with firing rocket and a scenic background.

***FREE** with every application a FULL colour "Famous Wayfinders of History" map.*

5/- VOUCHER for PHILIPS MOON GLOBE

10/- VOUCHER for ROTADRAW ANIMAL SET

WAYFINDERS from shoe stores everywhere or if you have difficulty in obtaining them, write to Wayfinders, 151 Oxford Street, London, W.1.

These are the great savings you can make on these superb toys when you buy WAYFINDERS. What you have to do is this. Cut out the end of your WAYFINDERS Box with the numbers on. Complete the coupon and send with box end, voucher (ONE ONLY. No voucher is required for the Secret Missiles Base) and postal order to WAYFINDERS SPECIAL OFFER, P.O. Box 618, London, W.13.

PLEASE PRINT IN BLOCK LETTERS
(Allow up to 21 days for delivery)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

Please send me _____

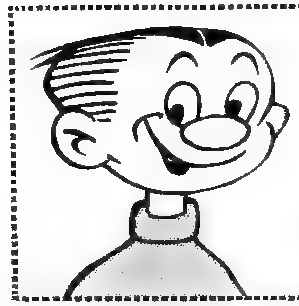
Postal Order/Cheque No _____

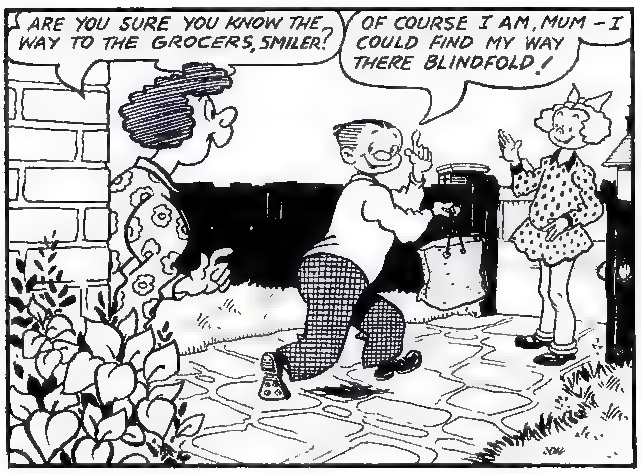
WAYFINDERS

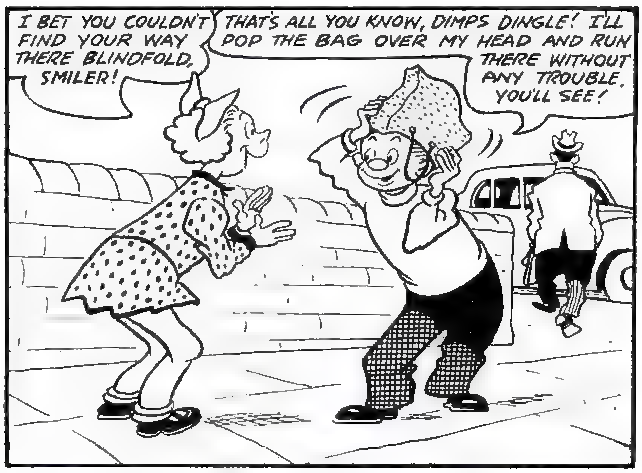
Wayfinders are approved by the Scout Association

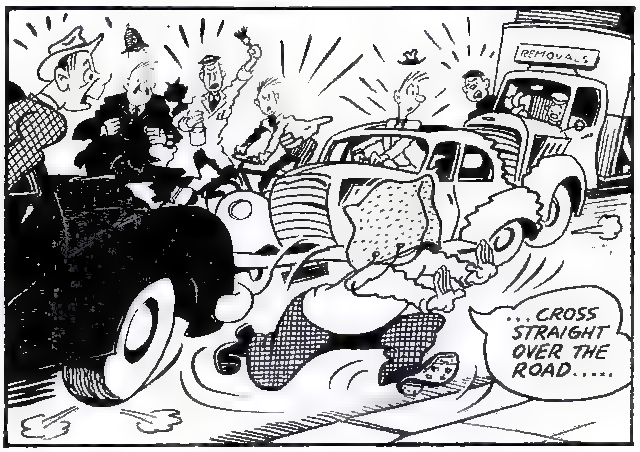
EVEN WHEN HE'S BLINDFOLDED, SMILER ALWAYS MAKES A BEE-LINE FOR TROUBLE!

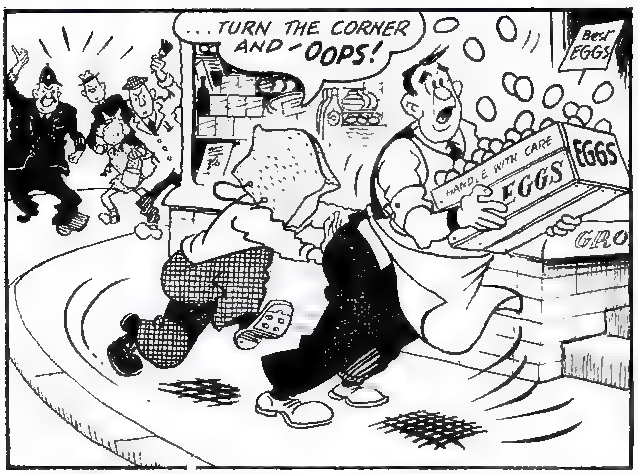
SMILER and DIMPS






I BET YOU COULDN'T FIND YOUR WAY THERE BLINDFOLD, SMILER!
THAT'S ALL YOU KNOW, DIMPS DINGLE! I'LL POP THE BAG OVER MY HEAD AND RUN THERE WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE. YOU'LL SEE!

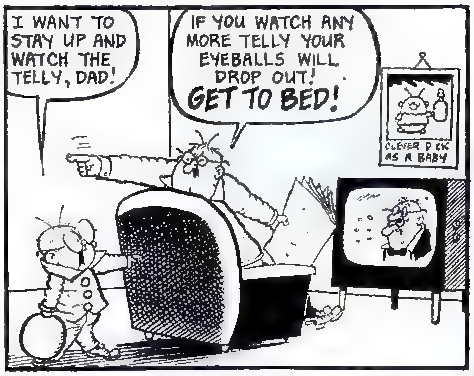


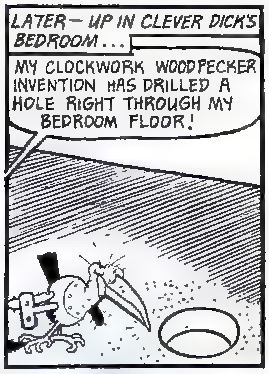


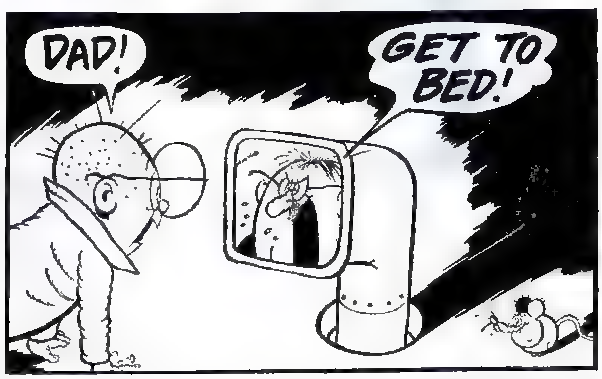
SPRIGHTLY GRANDPA DINGLE CERTAINLY BRIDGES THE GENERATION GAP NEXT MONDAY!

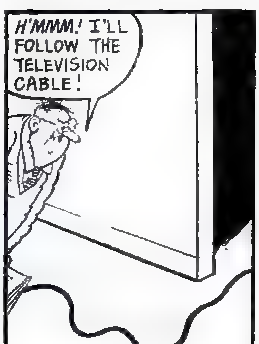
THIS STORY IS PROGRAMMED FOR LAUGHTER — DICK THE TV ADDICT !

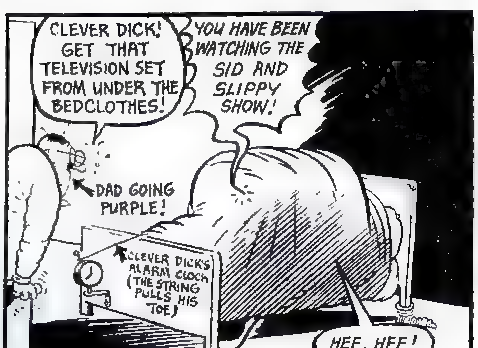
Clever Dick


I WANT TO STAY UP AND WATCH THE TELLY, DAD!
IF YOU WATCH ANY MORE TELLY YOUR EYEBALLS WILL DROP OUT! GET TO BED!
CLEVER DICK AS A BABY

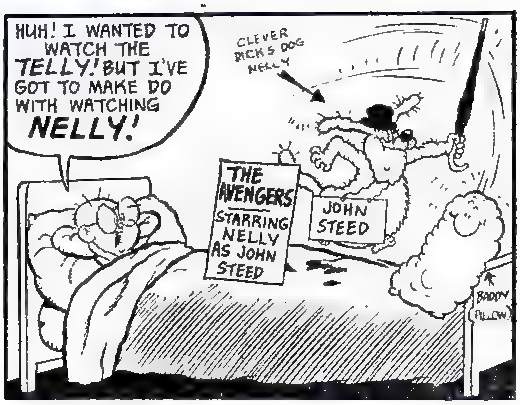






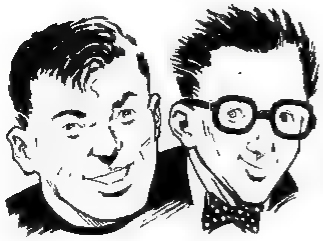

CLEVER DICK! GET THAT TELEVISION SET FROM UNDER THE BEDCLOTHES!
YOU HAVE BEEN WATCHING THE SID AND SLIPPY SHOW!
DAD GOING PURPLE!
CLEVER DICK'S ALARM CLOCK (THE STRING PULLS HIS TOE)
HEE, HEE!

LATER STILL..
T.V. SHOP
COLOUR T.V SET ONLY £300
GET THAT TELESCOPE BACK IN YOUR BEDROOM CLEVER DICK AND GET TO SLEEP!
THE NEWCASTLE CENTRE HALF HEADS THE BALL AWAY...
PAH! MY LONG RANGE TELLYSCOPE WAS WORKING FINE! INTERFERIN' BLUEBOTTLE!

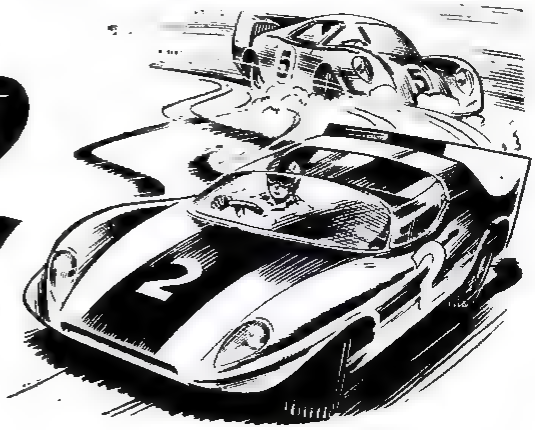

HUH! I WANTED TO WATCH THE TELLY! BUT I'VE GOT TO MAKE DO WITH WATCHING NELLY!
CLEVER DICK'S DOG NELLY
THE AVENGERS STARRING NELLY AS JOHN STEED
JOHN STEED
BADDY PILLOW

CLEVER DICK'S ACTIVITIES NEXT WEEK DRIVE AUNT MAY UP THE POLE!

ONLY MINUTES BEFORE THE START OF THE RACE, AND THE PALS' CAR LOOKED A MESS!

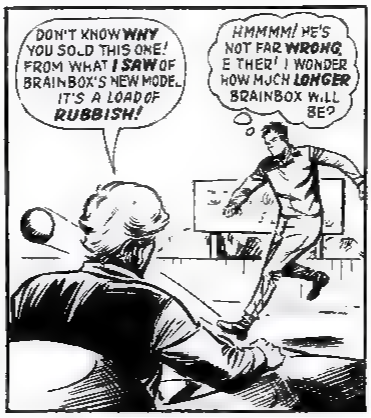


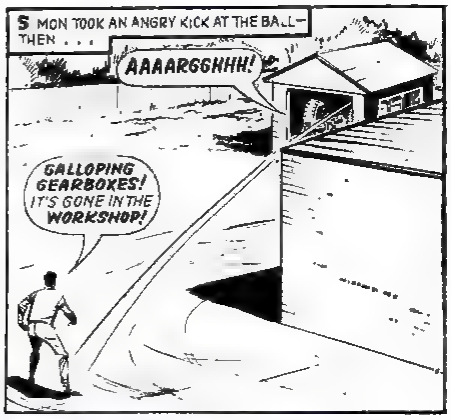
THE SKID KIDS



Race ace Simon Starr and his inventor pal "Brainbox" Cox sold their super new racing car to a young man called Jim Courtenay and entered a home-made car, designed by Brainbox, in a big race. But, during practice, the car developed troubles . . .

I SAY, SIMON, OLD BEAN . . . WHY AREN'T YOU OUT PRACTISING? THERE'S NOT MUCH TIME LEFT BEFORE THE RACE BEGINS!
I CAN'T PRACTISE, MR. COURTENAY! BRAINBOX IS STILL WORKING ON THE CAR . . . TRYING TO STOP IT FLYING!

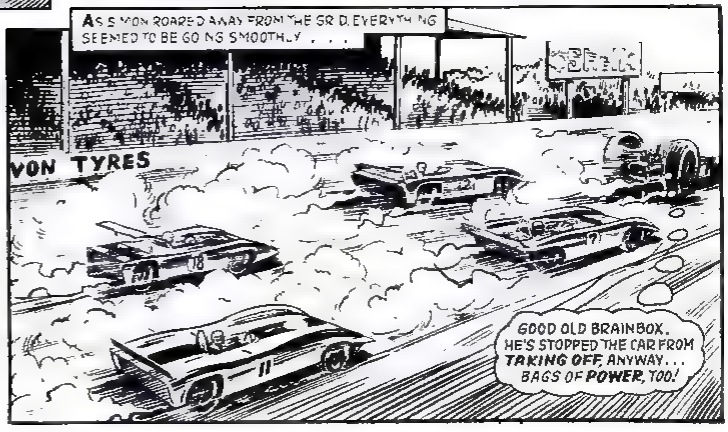

DON'T KNOW WHY YOU SOLD THIS ONE! FROM WHAT I SAW OF BRAINBOX'S NEW MODEL IT'S A LOAD OF RUBBISH!
HMMMM! HE'S NOT FAR WRONG, E THER! I WONDER HOW MUCH LONGER BRAINBOX WILL BE?



S MON RUSHED TO INVEST GATE
S SORRY, BRAINBOX . . . ER MY FOOT SLIPPED!
THAT BALL HIT THE CAR . . . THE PAINT POT . . . AND THEN ME! I JUST HOPE YOU DIDN'T DAMAGE THE CAR . . . BECAUSE WE HAVEN'T TIME TO TEST IT! LOOK AT THE MESS YOU'VE MADE!

LATER WHEN THE SK D K DS PUSHED THE CAR OUTSIDE TO THE START NG GR D . . .
HAW, HAW, HAW! HERE THEY COME WITH ANOTHER OLD WRECK THEY'RE TRYING TO TURN INTO A RACER!
HALF TRACTOR AND HALF JUNK-HEAP! LOVELY PAINTWORK, TOO!
JUST IGNORE THEM BRAINBOX!

J M COURTENAY, WHO WAS POST ONED NEXT TO SIMON, GR NNED BROADLY . . .
I PROMISED TO PAY YOU A HUNDRED POUNDS IF YOU BEAT ME . BUT MY MONEY LOOKS AS SAFE AS HOUSES TO ME!
DON'T BANK ON .T, CHUM . THESE SKID KIDS CAN PULL OUT A FEW SURPRISES!
JUST YOU WAIT, MATE! I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT DRIV NG'S ALL ABOUT!

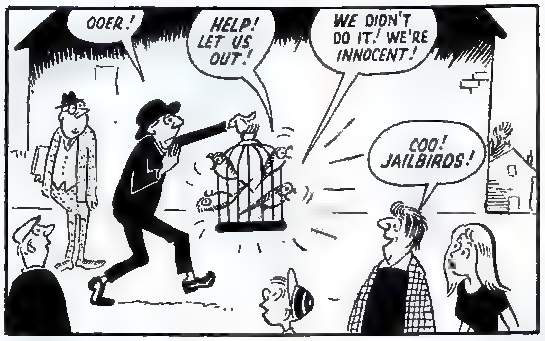

AS S MON ROARED AWAY FROM THE GR D, EVERYTH NG SEEMED TO BE GO NG SMOOTHLY . . .
VON TYRES
GOOD OLD BRAINBOX. HE'S STOPPED THE CAR FROM TAKING OFF, ANYWAY . . . BAGS OF POWER, TOO!

BUT WHEN SIMON SLIPPED INTO TOP GEAR ON THE STRAIGHT . . .
WOOOOEERRR! THE TROUBLE ISN'T CURED... THE FRONT'S GOING UP!
NEXT MOMENT . . .
THE TRACK IS STRAIGHT ON, SIMON ... NOT UP THERE!
I CAN'T CONTINUE LIKE THIS! BUT IT'S NOT LIKE BRAINBOX TO SAY HE'S FIXED SOMETHING WHEN HE HASN'T!
SIMON CRAWLED ROUND THE REST OF THE LAP AND PULLED INTO THE PITS . . .
WHAT IS IT, SIMON... WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?
SAME AS BEFORE, CHUM... IT'S FLYING! THOSE WINGS YOU FITTED JUST DON'T WORK!
BUT WHEN BRAINBOX EXAMINED THE CAR . . .
NO WONDER! I'D DON'T FIT THESE WINGS THIS WAY...AT THIS ANGLE THEY'RE ENCOURAGING THE CAR TO FLY! THEY'RE BENT!
WELL, I HAVEN'T TOUCHED 'EM!
THAT FOOTBALL YOU KICKED INTO THE SHED! IT HIT THE CAR!
AND BENT THE WINGS! GOSH, THAT'S THE ANSWER!
ADJUSTING THE WINGS' ANGLE WAS A FEW SECONDS' WORK . . .
YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT NOW... I PROMISE!
I HOPE SO... BECAUSE I'VE REALLY GOT TO BURN UP THE TRACK IF I'M GOING TO WIN! I'M ALMOST A LAP BEHIND THE OTHERS!
SIMON TOOK BRAINBOX AT HIS WORD . . . AND PUT HIS FOOT DOWN HARD!
BRAINBOX SEEMS TO HAVE DONE THE JOB ALL RIGHT . . . SHE'S GOING LIKE A BOMB!
THREE LAPS LATER, SIMON WAS GAINING RAPIDLY ON THE LEADERS — THEN...
HECK, WHAT WAS THAT? IT SEEMED TO COME FROM SIMON'S CAR!
THE YOUNG INVENTOR PICKED UP THE OBJECT, AND STARED AT IT IN HORROR!
RUBBER! IT'S A CHUNK FROM SIMON'S BACK TYRES... THEY'RE BREAKING UP! OBVIOUSLY THEY WERE NEVER BUILT TO TRAVEL AS FAST AS SIMON'S GOING!
MEANWHILE, ON THE TRACK . . .
HALLO... STEERING'S GONE FUNNY! BUT I'M NOT STOPPING NOW... JUST AS I'M CATCHING UP!

SIMON DOESN'T REALISE WHAT'S HAPPENING! CAN HE AVOID DISASTER? SEE NEXT MONDAY!

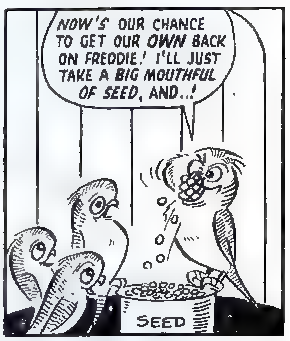
WHEN FREDDIE SHUTS THE MISCHIEVOUS BOODGIES IN THEIR CAGE, HE SOON FINDS HIMSELF BEHIND BARS!

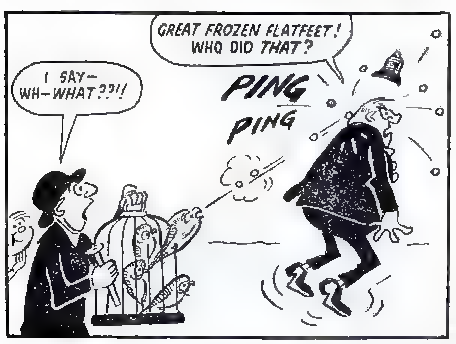
FREDDIE 'Parrot-Face' DAVIES



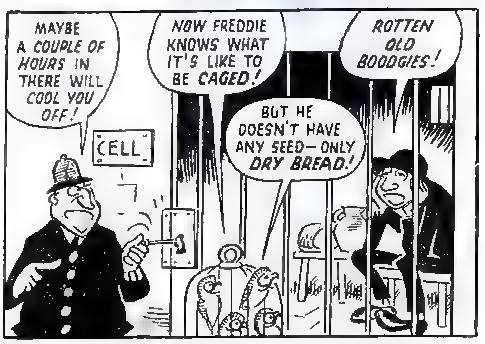
YOU WICKED, CRUEL MAN! I'VE A GOOD MIND TO REPORT YOU TO THE SAVE-THE-BOODGIES SOCIETY!
BONK!
B-BUT, MISSUS—YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! OUCH!

BAH! WHAT AN UNGRATEFUL LOT OF BOODGIE-FACES YOU ARE! YOU'VE GOT LOTS OF LOVELY SEED AND FRESH WATER IN THERE!
HUH! FREDDIE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE BEING COOPED UP IN A CAGE!





YOU'RE COMING WITH ME, MY LAD! AND STOP SAYING IT WASN'T YOU—I FOUND THE PEASHOOTER ON YOU, DIDN'T I?
B-B-BUT, CONSTABLE..!
IT WAS HIM, ALL RIGHT!


MAYBE A COUPLE OF HOURS IN THERE WILL COOL YOU OFF!
CELL
NOW FREDDIE KNOWS WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE CAGED!
BUT HE DOESN'T HAVE ANY SEED—ONLY DRY BREAD!
ROTTEN OLD BOODGIES!

WHEN THE BOODGIES PUT ON WEIGHT, NEXT WEEK, THERE'S MORE THAN A SLIM CHANCE OF SOME FUN!

THE PEST'S IN A PEPPERY MOOD WHEN HE SETS OFF TO "SALT" OUT A BAD LAD!

PEST OF THE WEST

LOOK AT MY GIANT LOLLIPOP! AN' I LOVE LOLLIPOPS- EVEN LITTLE ONES!
SWE
SLURP
SLURP
UH?
BUDDY THE BADDY! HE'S HOLED UP IN MA SHACK, AN' SHOOTIN' UP EVERYTHING IN SIGHT!
GRRR ...WHO DID THAT?
I'LL GET HIM! HE RUINED MY LOLLY—IF I ATE IT NOW I'D BE ILL WITH LEAD POISONING!
SQUIRT
SQUIRT
AN' IF YOU STAY THERE, YOU'LL GET A FATAL DOSE OF LEAD POISONING FOR SURE!
BUT IF YOU CAN GET BUDDY OFF MY PROPERTY, I'LL BUY YOU A NEW LOLLY! OKAY?
A NEW LOLLY, MISTER—YOU'VE JEST GOT YOURSELF A DEAL! I'LL GET HIM OUT! AN' HERE'S HOW I'LL DO IT:
FIRST I TAKE THE END OFF MA WATER PISTOL...
...THEN FILL IT WITH PEPPER...
PEPPER
...STICK A CORK IN THE END, AND—WATCH!
UH? WHAT'S TH..THIS?
GUESS THE PEST'S PLAN AIN'T TO BE SNEEZED AT, EH, READERS!
ATCHOO-O
RECKON THAT'S ONE NEW LOLLY YOU OWE ME, MISTER!
COME ON, BUDDY— I'VE A NICE CLEAN CELL WAITING FOR YOU!
TUCK SHOP
NOW TO ENJOY THIS LOVELY LOLLY WITHOUT SOME BULLY SHOOTIN' HOLES IN IT!
UH...? MY N...NOSE IS TWITCHING!
IT...IT'S THAT P...P... PEPPER...! AAH..!
ATCHOO-O-O-O-O-O
BAH! LOOKS LIKE MY PLAN MISFIRED AFTER ALL!

SADDLE UP WITH THE PEST FOR SOME MORE HOMESTEADIN' HUMOUR NEXT WEEK, PARDNERS!

THE ROGUE HOPED TO MAKE A PLAY FOR SOME LARGE-SCALE LOOT BY MASQUERADING AS A PIANO-TUNER!

The ASTOUNDING ADVENTURES of Charlie Peace

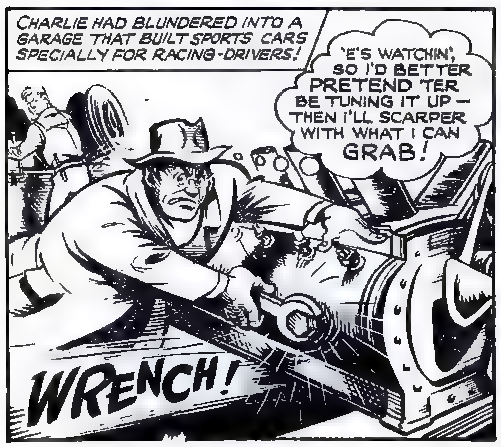
In the old Victorian days, Charlie Peace was renowned as a master-crook, and also as a violin player of no mean skill. After being lured into a time-machine, he found himself transported to the modern world. One morning, he passed a music-shop and the famous rogue's interest was aroused . . .

AS CHARLIE GAZED AT THE WINDOW, A CLIENT LEFT THE SHOP...
HE'S A PIANO-TUNER FOR THE B/G CONCERT HALLS! DEMANDS TOP FEES, HE DOES!
MMM! DOES HE, NOW?

SHORTLY AFTERWARDS...
AAH! SOMEONE PLAYING A PIANO! WELL, TUNING A PIANO AIN'T MUCH DIFFERENT TO TUNING A VIOLIN - SO HERE GOES! MAYBE I'LL PICK UP A FEW VALUABLES AT THE SAME TIME!

AROUND THE CORNER...
I RECKON YOU NEED ME, GUV'NOR! I'M AN EXPERT TUNER, AND I CAN PUT EVERYTHING PERFECT IN NO TIME FOR A FEW QUID!
EXPERT, EH? YOU DON'T LOOK IT — BUT WE NEED EXTRA HELP!

HOWEVER, THE "HOUSE" WAS ACTUALLY A GARAGE, AND THE MUSIC CAME FROM A RADIO...
THERE IT IS — THE NEW ENGINE FOR OUR SPORTS SPECIAL! HERE ARE THE TOOLS... NOW LET'S SEE YOU TUNE IT UP TO RACING PITCH!
KER! NO PIANO - ONLY A PERISHIN' ENGINE!

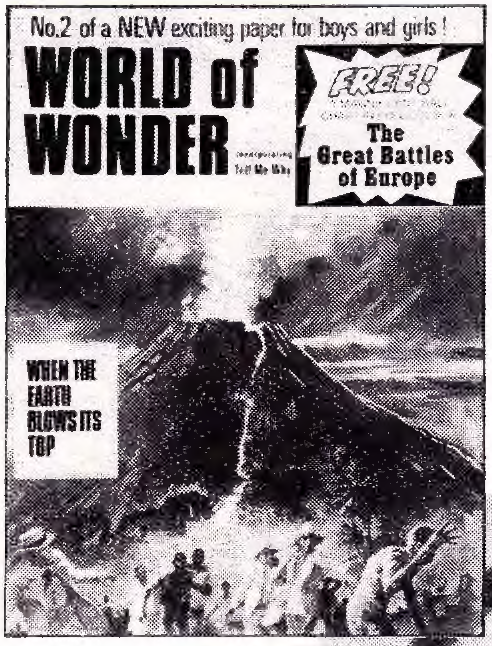

CHARLIE HAD BLUNDERED INTO A GARAGE THAT BUILT SPORTS CARS SPECIALLY FOR RACING-DRIVERS!
'E'S WATCHIN', SO I'D BETTER PRETEND TER BE TUNING IT UP — THEN I'LL SCARPER WITH WHAT I CAN GRAB!
WRENCH!

WHEN CHARLIE SAW JUST HOW WELL HE MEASURED UP TO THE TASK HE NEARLY HAD A FIT!

THE MECHANIC WAS FURIOUS...
TUNER? PAH! HE DOESN'T KNOW THE FIRST THING ABOUT IT! CHUCK 'IM OUT, BOSS!
NO! WAIT A JIFFY, SAM! I'VE AN IDEA!
YES, HE'S A SHABBY SCOUNDREL – BUT HE'S EXACTLY THE HEIGHT AND BUILD OF THE CHAMP WHO'S GOING TO DRIVE OUR "SPECIAL"! HE'LL DO!
HUH?
HERE'S THE CHASSIS AND SEAT OF THE "SPECIAL"! I ONLY WANT YOU TO ACT AS STAND-IN FOR THE DRIVER, SEE? I'LL PAY YOU A FIVER!
SNIFF!
A FIVER? THAT'S EASY MONEY!
BUT THE SUSPICIOUS CROOK SOON BEGAN TO HAVE DOUBTS...
NICE AND RELAXED? RIGHT! NOW TO FIT ON THE COWLING!
"STAND-IN", DID 'E SAY? THIS IS MORE LIKE A LIE-IN!
LAST SECTION GOING ON, BOSS!
BUT THEY HAD NO CHANCE TO COMPLETE THE FITTING...
OOFF!
SLAMM!
UNKK!
OH, NO, YOU DON'T! I WAS CAUGHT LIKE THAT ONCE BEFORE!
THEY LURED ME INTO A CONTRAPTION AN 'UNDRED YEARS AGO AND SWITCHED ME HERE! NOW YOU'RE GOIN' TO TRY AND TRANSPORT ME ON INTO THE FUTURE, AIN'T YOU? THAT'S ANOTHER TIME-MACHINE, THAT IS!
"TIME MACHINE"? A HUNDRED YEARS? WE MUST TRY TO CALM THE POOR CHAP!
BEST TO KICK 'IM OUT, BOSS – I TELL YOU, HE'S A NUT-CASE!
BUT THE BOSS EXPLAINED THINGS MORE CLEARLY...
YOU SEE, RACING BODIES ARE BUILT TO FIT AROUND THE ACTUAL DRIVER! ONCE WE HAVE ASSEMBLED THE SECTIONS LIKE THAT, YOU JUST STEP OUT AND GO!
MMM...WELL! A FIVER'S A FIVER! OKAY, I'LL GIVE IT ANOTHER GO!
AT LAST, THE FITTING WAS FINISHED...
THAT'S IT, BOSS! PAY THE OLD GEEZER AND BOOT 'IM OUT BEFORE HE GETS UP TO MORE CAPERS!
COR!
BUT CHARLIE HAD SEEN SOMETHING!
NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL A REAL CAR! BEATS THAT SILLY LITTLE "SPECIAL" O' YOURS!
IT'S A REAL CAR, ALL RIGHT, OLD FELLOW! A REAL VINTAGE MODEL WE'RE DOING UP FOR A CUSTOMER!
THAT'S FIXED THE NEW HOOD, BOSS! ALL READY NOW!
CONTINUED OVERLEAF...

MY! LOOK AT THE FLIPPIN' GREAT BRASS HEADLIGHTS!
IN HIS EAGERNESS, THE MASTER-CROOK LEANED ON A NEARBY LEVER!
NEXT MOMENT...
HOI!
SSSSS!
SSH-HHH!
'ALLO! WERE'S IT GORN?
YOU NITWIT! YOU'VE OPERATED THE HYDRAULIC LIFT! LET ME GET TO THAT LEVER!
STOP IT! QUICK, BEFORE..!
THE MECHANIC'S WARNING CAME TOO LATE!
YEEE-AARGH!
CRUNCH!
GRURCH! ONE NEW HOOD BUCKLED!
I TOLD YOU HE WAS A MENACE!
TCHAH! I'M KEEPING THIS FIVER TO PAY FOR THE DAMAGE! YOU'RE GOIN' TO GET A BASHING INSTEAD!
LET ME 'AVE 'IM, BOSS!
YOU CAN 'AVE THIS AXLE, MATES! I'VE GOT ME EYE ON SOMETHIN' ELSE!
GNNGGGG!
THE BOSS'S DESK WAS NEAR THE MAIN EXIT...
AFTER HIM!
HEY! HE'S SNATCHED OUR WAGE PACKETS!
YOU DIDN'T THINK I WAS GOIN' TO LEAVE EMPTY-HANDED, DID YOU? HUR, HUR!
OUTSIDE...
HE MUST'VE GONE THIS WAY! FOLLOW ME!
I'LL HIDE IN THIS SHELTER UNTIL THEY'VE GONE OFF SEARCHING FOR ME!
BUT THE MECHANIC WHO HAD SUFFERED AT CHARLIE'S HANDS WASN'T SO EASILY HOODWINKED!
CLICK!
WAIT, BOSS! I'VE A HUNCH HE ISN'T FAR AWAY!
AS THE POWER WAS SWITCHED ON...
AUTOMATIC CAR WASH
YOWWCH!
OOOUGH!
HISSS!
SWOOSH!
HEAR HIM? THAT BATTERY OF JETS WILL UPSET HIM MORE THAN A BASHING!
THE MECHANIC WAS RIGHT!
HAR, HAR! HO, HO, HO!
KERRR! KEEP YER SPORTS CARS! YOU AIN'T NO SPORTS, DRENCHIN' A POOR HONEST CROOK LIKE THIS! GIVE ME THE GOOD OLD 'ORSES AN' CARRIAGES, ANY TIME! THIS LITTLE LARK 'AS MADE ME FEEL REAL WASHED-OUT!

PEACE HOPES TO PROMOTE SOME EASY PICKINGS, NEXT WEEK – AS A BOXING MANAGER!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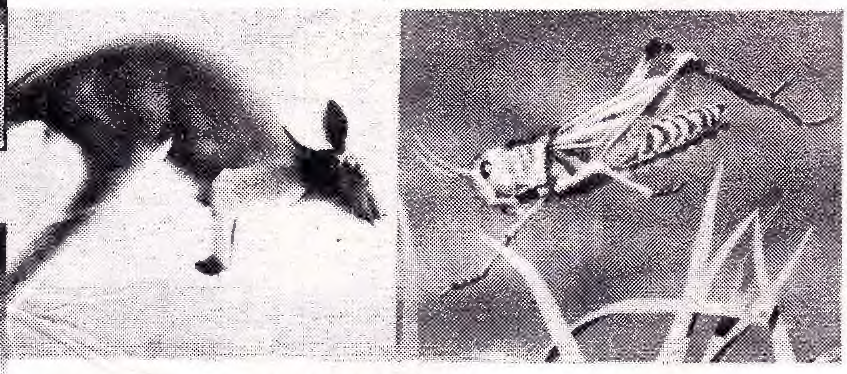
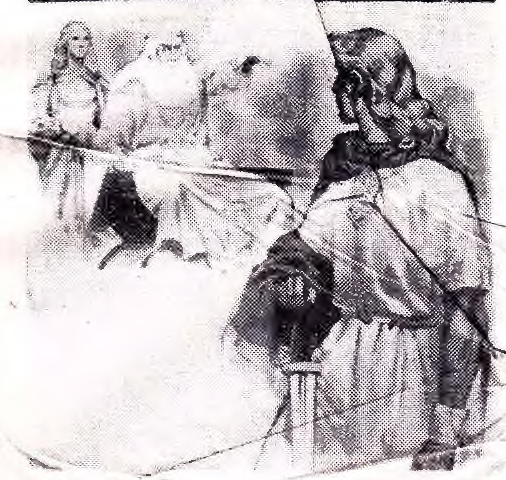
WORLD of WONDER
FREE!
The Great Battles of Europe
WHEN THE EARTH BLOWS ITS TOP

OUT TODAY! No 2 OF THIS EXCITING NEW COLOUR MAGAZINE WORLD of WONDER





FREE in this issue

Magnificent Wall Chart 20 in. x 30 in. "GREAT BATTLES OF EUROPE" in blazing full colour

And here is just a selection from today's exciting contents:

Battle of Navarette A bird's-eye view in lavish full colour of a victory that restored Pedro the Cruel to his throne.
When The Earth Blows Its Top Did you know that a volcano can erupt into a gigantic explosion heard 3,000 miles away?
Men of Adventure He travelled on foot to the other side of the world, but his neighbours weren't even interested!
Strange Stories Was Napoleon poisoned? New medical evidence throws light on one of the world's most intriguing mysteries.
The Man With The Magic Box He made vast fortunes for movie moguls and film stars, but he died in poverty.
The Common Market How six European nations are pulling down the barriers which have divided them for centuries.
Italy's Friend And Enemy An aerial view of a famous river that flows through a land full of noble deeds and spectacular scenery.

Plus lots more fascinating features enriched with vivid pictures.

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Continued from front page . . .

HE'S STOPPED THE BOY!
OOER! I WISH SOMEBODY WOULD!
POW!
EE! I'VE BEEN BOOTED AROUND SO MUCH—I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL LIKE A BALL!
COME ON! WE'LL PLAY FOOTBOY IN THE PARK!
WHOP!
MY POOCH IS GOOD AT FETCHING BOYS! HE'LL GET IT FOR YOU!
SPLOOSH!
I'VE BEEN BIFFED, BASHED AND KICKED—BUT I'M BLOWED IF I'M GOING TO BE BITTEN!
I'LL BOUNCE OVER THE RAILINGS AND DODGE 'IM!
YEEEAARR!
EE! I FEEL PUFFED OUT! I MUST STOP FOR AIR!
I'M FEELING PROPER LET DOWN NOW! A COUPLE OF BREATHS OF AIR SHOULD SEE ME RIGHT!
FREE AIR
PETROL
OOH! I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL BANG ON NOW!
BLAM!
THEN BUSTER WOKE UP...
I'M FED UP CLEARING UP ALL YOUR BITS, BUSTER—WHILE YOU SIT THERE DREAMING ABOUT SILLY FOOTBALL!

NEXT WEEK, TRAVELLING BY JUMBO JET SHOULD BE AN EASY "TUSK" FOR BUSTER—BUT WILL IT?

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—Saturday, 4th April 1970